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AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It is rather fortunate, we think, that the Legislature should have been occupied with the consideration of our prosperous finances, our starving multitudes in Lancashire, and the many and great provocations to war which reach us from America, all within one short week. These things are related to each other very intimately, and it would be most unlucky if, while discussing one, the others were not kept in instant view. And yet that might have happened if the Budget, Lancashire distress, and American insolence had been brought to the table at distant periods of the Session. Of course we do not suppose that the relations of such facts and portents are overlooked by an intelligent Administration; but even intelligent Administrations are very much controlled in England by public opinion and the "temper of the House of Commons;" and therefore it is well that Mr. Gladstone, with his surplus and his remission of taxes, Mr. Ferrand, with his budget of Lancashire woes, and other hon. members with their just anger at the indignities which Mr. Seward is so thoroughly disposed to play off on us, should come before Parliament and the country altogether.

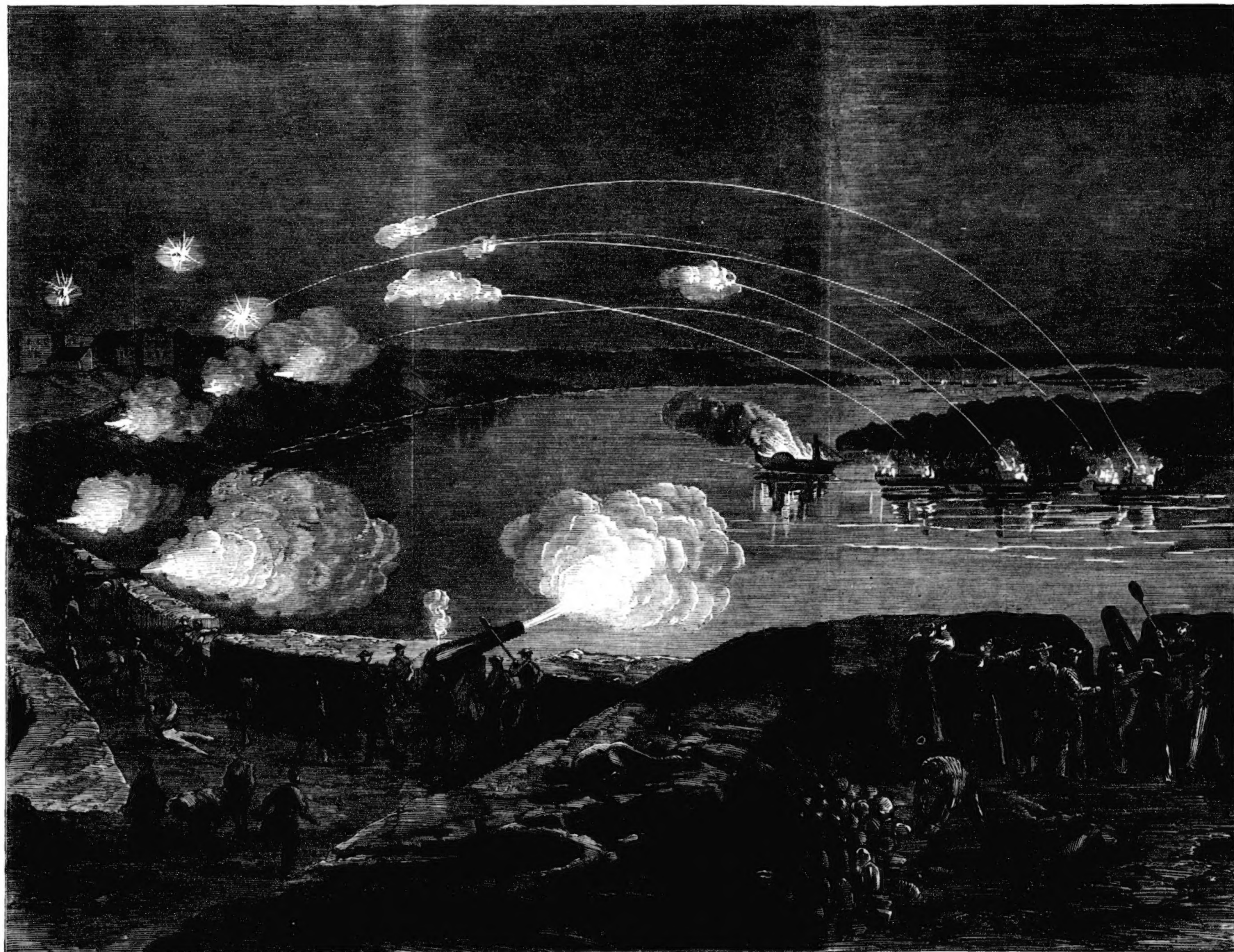
Already we had begun to fall into one mistake in forgetting, or at any rate in undervaluing, the importance of the problems which "suffering Lancashire" presents for our solution. When

it was first seen that a hundred thousand families or so were reduced by accidental circumstances to a state of starvation, and that there was no immediate prospect of their recovering from that condition, prodigious endeavours were made to help them. Benevolence, no doubt, was the mainspring of those efforts; but benevolence was not the only motive at work. There was also some apprehension that so vast a mass of misery would breed discontent, tumult, all sorts of social and political troubles. Great sums of money were accordingly heaped together for the relief of Lancashire distress, by people who dread disorder as well as by those who love almsgiving. Nearly two millions of money have by this time been expended by the various committees; a sum vast in itself, and enough, it seems, to have kept hundreds of thousands of people from perishing absolutely. That is *all* it could do; and, that done, *we* were appeased at any rate. Nobody starved, and Benevolence was satisfied; no sign of tumult, no threatenings of armed discontent appeared, and Order forgot its fears.

But, besides these natural reasons for the neglect into which the Lancashire subscription lists have fallen, there are several others. First, of course, there is the obvious fact that people cannot always be giving; every allowance is to be made for that. But *also* there is the discovery made, some months

ago, that the general prosperity of the country is little affected by the paralysis of one most important branch of trade, spite of the direst prognostications to the contrary. Again, here is Mr. Gladstone coming forward with a flourishing account of our finances, and with a proposition actually to lessen the income tax, as well as to make a handsome reduction from the tax on tea.

Now, the natural and proper effect of all this is that we are better able than could have been anticipated to help the distressed in Lancashire; the unnatural and improper effect, that we are disposed to disregard them. When the cotton famine wore the appearance of a general disaster—of a disaster, that is to say, which must be felt throughout the body politic, we did not fail to sympathise generally and painfully with its immediate victims. But as soon as it turns out that the misfortune can be localised, and that the body politic remains almost, if not quite, as vigorous as ever, then the cotton famine begins to lose significance: it is no longer everybody's business, as it was in the autumn of 1862. And so far there is nothing to regret, nothing to complain about; only there is danger in all such changes of fact and feeling. Change may become revolution; and when Mr. Ferrand stood up in the House of Commons on Monday night to talk nonsense about men and masters in Cottonopolis, he did much to prevent our forgetting



THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.—BOMBARDMENT OF PORT HUDSON BY ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S FLEET.—(FROM A SKETCH BY — HAMILTON.)

the importance of the "famine" to Lancashire, in our satisfaction at finding that it is of little moment to the country at large.

Mr. Ferrand talked nonsense, but he opened a vein of serious discussion, and brought back to the consideration of Parliament a calamity which began by appalling us, and which remains unremedied to this hour. Two millions of money spent in bread and blankets still leaves four hundred and twenty thousand creatures in the same poverty which beset them at the beginning. "We do not doubt," says the report of two gentlemen who lately visited Lancashire with clear eyes and unbiassed minds, "We do not doubt that the relief funds have been, as a whole, administered with energy and care, and, allowing for the difficulty of the task, with very decided success." But the daily dole only suffices for the day; to-morrow begins with the same hunger, the same idleness, and (for the rest) a little more of that demoralisation which inevitably follows upon pauperism and nothing to do. "Everywhere we found how, their savings being used up, their stock of clothes worn out, debt become general, their clubs and societies become bankrupt and suspended, their social life checked, their intellectual opportunities cut off, their humanising institutions and habits denied them, the real life of the Lancashire workman is being lost." No doubt of it; and we must remember that of the whole number of the destitute there are more than seventy thousand men in this condition. They stand idle and helpless amidst the general ruin, eager for work but finding none; and their difficulty, which appeared so portentous in the gloomy days of autumn last, is not less now, though the winter has gone by kindly, though our revenue returns are cheering, and though the income tax is reduced to 7d. in the pound.

In fine, what is to be done is as grave a question now as ever, and of course Mr. Ferrand did not settle it. His proposal for a grand emigration scheme, to be carried out at the expense of the Treasury, wants almost everything that could recommend it to serious attention; while as for Mr. Potter's recipe—to get up a Royal Commission of Inquiry—that could only be useful if we had anything to learn and were in no hurry to learn it, which is not our present case. The dilemma is exceedingly simple of comprehension. Here, on the one hand, are some eighty thousand industrious men, and about three hundred and fifty thousand women and children, unable to earn their bread; and, on the other hand, certain relief committees which have just enough money to get them that bread for one month. Of course subscriptions still fall in, and the poor-law guardians have means too; but, as Colonel Patten says, no such resources can be relied upon to feed half a million of people much longer. Something more must be done—something which will diminish the pauperism as well as the poverty; and if Mr. Ferrand had the ill-luck to advocate a stale, unwelcome proposition, in such terms as to excite the ridicule of the assembly of which he is a member, he has the satisfaction of having recalled the attention of the country to a calamity momentous if not actually imperial; and, what is more, of having pricked the Government into active measures for its alleviation. Mr. Charles Villiers's announcement that the Government has resolved to try what can be done, at once and on a great scale, in the way of providing employment on public works for the multitude of "operatives" now pauperised in Lancashire, gives us hope at last.

We have now left ourselves little space in which to expatiate upon the timely way in which this cotton famine discussion comes in between our fiscal felicitations and the prospect of war. It is plain to all who watch the changing temper of the country that it is rapidly growing impatient of American threats and the pretensions of American Admirals and Ministers. Those pretensions have only to be carried a little farther, or to be maintained with any degree of obstinacy, and war is inevitable. In that state of affairs, it is as well to be kept awake to our position at all points. The fact that we have a distressed population in Lancashire and a distressed population in Ireland, will make no difference to our proceedings if the Federal Government is resolved to injure and insult us; but it would be monstrous to "drift" into war with such burdens, though we do find, to our surprise, that we can bear them lightly, with peace. The country is well reminded of these troubles just now. They are cooling, and may serve to allay that inflammation of temper which sometimes hastens war without adding anything to its dignity or justice.

THE FEDERAL ATTACK ON PORT HUDSON.

IN our last week's Number (see page 291) we gave some details of the late attack by the Federal fleet, under Admiral Farragut, on the Confederate batteries at Port Hudson, on the Mississippi, and of his succeeding in passing the position with two ships, while the remainder of his squadron was beaten back, and one of the number—the *Mississippi*—ran aground and was destroyed. We now print two Engravings illustrative of this affair, and add some additional particulars from other sources than those quoted from in our last Number. The objects of the attack were to destroy the Confederate batteries at Port Hudson, to reach Vicksburg from below, and thus, after the capture of that position, to open the navigation of the Mississippi. As only two ships, however, succeeded in passing the batteries, and as the siege of Vicksburg appears to have been abandoned, the object of these operations has not been attained, and Admiral Farragut and his two ships appear to be caught in a trap, from which they may have some difficulty in escaping.

THE REBEL BATTERIES.

The rebel batteries extend about four miles in length, with a gap here and there between. Below, just before the high bluff begins, a very large number of field batteries were placed in position. These batteries are by no means to be despised; for in such a narrow part of the river they are just as effective as siege guns, especially as they can be handled with far greater facility than ordnance of larger size. Proceeding upward, the regular fortifications commence. They seem to consist of three distinct ranges of batteries, numbering several in each range. It does not seem, however, that either of them mounts guns of very large calibre. The river now begins to trend to the west, forming a faint repre-

sentation of a horseshoe, in the hollow of which the town of Port Hudson is situated. It is right in that hollow, and just below the town, that the most formidable battery—the central one—is situated, on the highest bluff. Four heavy guns appear to be mounted there in casemates. I say appear, because the flashes from these guns revealed nothing; but the flame from the muzzles showed that all beyond was in obscurity—precisely as would be the case with guns in casemates. The other guns, en barbette, or peering through open embrasures, revealed, when fired, something of the lay of the land behind and around, though but for a moment. Above the town are other batteries, only less formidable than those just below. Beyond these the high bluffs gradually subside into the general level of the surrounding country. Right opposite the principal batteries, on the right bank of the river, is the point of land on which the *Mississippi* grounded, in consequence of which she had to be set on fire and destroyed.

After describing the first shots from the Hartford, which were promptly returned from the rebel batteries, a correspondent thus describes the

MORTARS OPENING FIRE.

And now was heard a thundering roar, equal in volume to a whole park of artillery. This was followed by a rushing sound, accompanied by a howling noise that beggars description. Again and again was the sound repeated, till the vast expanse of heaven rang with the awful minstrelsy. It was apparent that the mortar-boats had opened fire. Of this I was soon convinced on casting my eyes aloft. Never shall I forget the sight that then met my astonished vision. Shooting upward at an angle of forty-five degrees, with the rapidity of lightning, small globes of golden flame were seen sailing through the pure ether—not a steady, unfading flame, but coruscating, like the fitful gleam of a firefly—now visible, and anon invisible. Like a flying star of the sixth magnitude, the terrible missile—a 13-inch shell—nears its zenith, up and still up—higher and higher. Its flight now becomes much slower, till, on reaching its utmost altitude, its centrifugal force becomes counteracted by the earth's attraction; it describes a parabolic curve, and down, down, it comes, bursting, it may be, ere it reaches terra firma, but probably alighting in the rebel works ere it explodes, where it scatters death and destruction around.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE STEAM FRIGATE MISSISSIPPI.

The *Mississippi* was the last in the line of the fleet which attempted the passage of the batteries on the night of March 14. In going up she was struck by three or four shot only, and the damage done was comparatively insignificant. But when she was at a point nearly in the centre of the range of batteries, the smoke and steam from the boats in advance and from the batteries on shore, so enveloped the ship that her pilot lost his bearings, and the frigate grounded on the right bank of the river.

For forty minutes she was exposed to a terrific fire from all the batteries. During this time she fired 250 rounds; but her guns, one after another, were nearly all dismounted; her portholes on the starboard side were knocked into one; twenty-five or thirty men were killed; four men were wounded; she was riddled through and through with shot; there was no prospect of her ever floating again; and, at last, in the utter hopelessness of the case, Captain Smith gave the order for her abandonment.

It is said that during all the time she was under fire there was no particular excitement on board. The orders were quietly given and executed. The crew were told to load and fire at the batteries as rapidly as possible, and they did so as long as there was a mounted gun to fire. After the order to abandon the ship the boats were lowered down; the wounded men were put in first, and the crew filled the boats. Many men jumped overboard, expecting to swim to shore. Some of them were picked up by their own boats or boats from the fleet, and a few, it is supposed, were drowned.

When the crew were all off the ship, Captain Smith and Lieutenant Dewey went around to see if there were any living men among those lying on the deck, and sprinkled turpentine in the ward-room, setting it on fire. The captain of the forehold was ordered to fire the ship forward, and they then abandoned her, leaving the dead on deck. The Captain and Lieutenant pulled in a boat for the Essex. The abandoned ship was soon wrapped in flames, and presently the fire reached the magazine, blowing up the ship with a tremendous explosion, and that was the last of the United States' steam-frigate *Mississippi*.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The French Corps Législatif, as a matter of course, has passed the whole Budget. There were only seven dissentients.

The Paris papers are almost exclusively occupied in discussing the Polish question, and especially the French note to Russia, which has been made public. The war feeling is still predominant, and the *Sicéle* expresses a hope "that the French Government will not shrink from the consequences which the language of M. Drouyn de Lhuys implies"—that is, a war with Russia—if that Power refuses to make the concessions to Poland which the note points out. Under these circumstances, the public mind is intensely directed to the reply of the Russian Government, which is every day expected.

Official despatches received in Paris announce an engagement in Mexico, in which the French obtained a very cheap victory.

ITALY.

A telegram from Turin states that the Italian Government has dispatched to Paris its reply to the French note, requesting its co-operation in addressing the Russian Government on the Polish question. Italy undertakes, it is stated, to do her best in an appeal on behalf of Poland, but insists that her peculiar political position requires of her to steer a perfectly independent course. The meaning of this is presumed to be, that Italy cannot appeal for a recognition of the treaties of Vienna, or a restoration of any state of things founded on such a basis, seeing that her national existence is based on the abrogation of part of the old political arrangements of Europe.

A rumour has been current in Rome to the effect that the Pope, yielding to the influence of Mgr. de Merode's supporters, is about to accept the resignation of Cardinal Antonelli. A new brigand expedition is said to have started from the Papal city.

PRUSSIA.

A Berlin paper states that the Russian decree granting an amnesty has been officially communicated to all Russian subjects who had sought refuge in Posen, and are now detained on Prussian territory. The majority have declared their intention of returning to their homes, and have requested Russian passports for that purpose.

GERMANY AND DENMARK.

The Government of Hanover has proposed to the Germanic Confederation certain resolutions of a peculiarly trenchant character in regard to the recent Danish proclamation and the Schleswig-Holstein question. These resolutions call upon the Diet to declare the conditions established by the King of Denmark in that proclamation illegal, and to demand their retraction; and, furthermore, to protest against any severance of Schleswig from Holstein, or any incorporation of Schleswig with Denmark. This is taking direct issue with Denmark, and, should the Diet adopt the resolutions, a crisis cannot be far off.

THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.

The telegrams from Cracow bring accounts of various engagements between the Poles and the Russians.

On Friday week Lelewel, with the insurgents under his command, was surrounded and defeated by 2000 Russian troops. Lelewel was wounded, but escaped, together with 120 men. On the other hand, the Russian troops are reported to have received a heavy defeat in an encounter with the Polish insurgents which took place last Saturday near Warza, in the south-east of the Warsaw division. The loss which the Russians sustained is described as very serious. The report, too, does not come from Cracow—the source most favourable to the

Poles—but from Thorn, in Prussian territory. The results of other encounters reported leave a balance of success in favour of the insurgents, who appear to be increasing strength and audacity all over the country.

The principal event of importance in connection with the progress of the insurrection is the change which has come over the feelings of the peasants, and it is now apparent that much energy is shown by them in taking part against the Russians. They seem to be the more determined on this course, as they are convinced that they have little to hope and much to dread from the Cossacks, who generally regard friends and foes as fair game, and plunder and ill-treat all alike. The peasants have hitherto shown much patience at the treatment they have received, but they are now fully resolved to rid themselves of the tyranny of these soldiers of the Czar.

It is affirmed that the Grand Duke has received a letter from the National Committee, assuring him of his personal safety so long as he holds the office of Governor of the Kingdom, but that the same guarantee cannot be extended to General Berg, should he assume the governorship.

Langiewicz has been conducted from Tschonovitz to the Bohemian fortress of Josephstadt. It is believed that he had attempted to escape, having previously announced that he withdrew his parole.

The Archbishop of Warsaw has set himself against the Government, and refused to submit to an order it issued forbidding the religious processions which usually take place at this time of the year. At the Archbishop's instigation the people formed a procession, and thereupon several priests and others who took part in it were arrested. No personal conflict appears to have taken place on the occasion.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE details of the attack on Charleston, the most important item of the news from America, which comes down to the 18th ult., will be found below. This repulse is regarded as one of the most serious that the Federals have yet sustained, as it demonstrates not only that the harbour of Charleston cannot be successfully assailed, but that the ironclads, from which so much was expected, are not able to cope with land batteries properly armed and vigorously defended.

On the Mississippi nothing of any very great importance had taken place. Five vessels were preparing to run the blockade at Vicksburg and join Admiral Farragut, who, it was rumoured, was pent up between two batteries near the Red River. It would seem that the land attack on Vicksburg is abandoned for the present, for General Grant had removed his forces away, his intention being, it was supposed, either to join Rosecranz or make a movement inland into Mississippi. The Federals were sending gun-boats to the assistance of General Rosecranz, in Tennessee. Wheeler's cavalry had succeeded in destroying two of their gun-boats and three transports on Cumberland River, and had also captured several Federal trains between Louisville and Nashville. In Tennessee the Confederates under Van Dorn had been beaten back in an attack on Franklin.

General Foster, who was hemmed in by the Confederates at Washington, North Carolina, had been partially relieved, a steamer carrying a regiment and supplies having succeeded in reaching him. It does not appear, however, that this aid would be sufficient to get Foster out of the dilemma in which he was placed.

The Confederates, relieved of all apprehensions about Charleston, were resuming the offensive in North Carolina and Virginia. General Longstreet, at the head of 30,000 men, was investing Suffolk, and was endeavouring to get round and cut off the Federal communication with Norfolk. Heavy skirmishing was daily occurring, and an engagement had taken place on a river below Suffolk, between the Federal gun-boats and the Confederate artillery. At Williamsburg, Virginia, the Confederates under General Wise had driven in the Federal pickets, and occupied the town, the Federals retiring to Fort Magruder, which General Wise was preparing to attack.

The relations between America and England were hotly discussed by the New York journals, and vengeance at some time or other for the alleged injuries committed by England was threatened by nearly all of them. It was reported that Mr. Seward is in favour of surrendering the Peterhoff.

The correspondent of the *World* reports from Washington that Mr. Seward's last despatch to Mr. Adams submitted to the British Government the alternative of preventing from leaving port the vessels alleged to be building in England for the Confederate service or the rupture of diplomatic relations between the two countries.

A grand mass meeting was called by the instigators of the Loyal National League to meet at Union-square, New York, on the anniversary of the fall of Fort Sumter. About 5000 persons assembled, who were addressed by Generals Fremont and Sigel and the Postmaster-General, Mr. Montgomery Blair. The latter denounced the English aristocracy for fitting out the "pirates" Alabama and Florida, and advocated the vigorous prosecution of the war.

The Governor of New York had sent a message to the Legislature of that State, urging it to pass a measure for enabling soldiers to vote.

President Davis had issued an address to the people of the Confederate States, animating them to persevere in the contest for their independence, and advising the cultivation of cereals, &c., in preference to cotton or tobacco.

THE NAVAL ATTACK ON CHARLESTON.

THE long-talked-of attack on Charleston was made by the Federal ironclads, nine in number, on the 7th ult., and resulted in a complete failure, one of the attacking squadron having since sunk and almost every one of the others been more or less damaged. The real action appears to have lasted only thirty minutes, although two hours and a half elapsed from the time the assailing ships moved to take up their positions and their final retirement from the contest. The correspondent of a New York paper, writing on board one of the Federal ironclads, gives the following account of the action:—

The attack would have commenced an hour or two earlier than it did had it not been that the Admiral was advised to wait for the ebb tide rather than sail up with the flood tide, as the former would be more apt to discover the locality of the obstructions in the channel; and the tide turned at eleven o'clock. During these hours of suspense the eye had an opportunity of taking the features of the scene on which the great act was to be played. The blue waters danced in the bright sunshine, and flocks of seabirds dipped their white wings in the waves and uttered their shrill cries as they swooped downward after their prey. Over the parapets of Fort Sumter and Moultrie the rebel defenders were watching our movements and signalling them; and even on the roofs and steeples of the distant city we could see hundreds of spectators. Distinctly in view were the numerous batteries, extending from the Wappoo Creek on the Ashley River, following the contour of James Island, down to the Lighthouse Battery, on the south point of Morris Island. On the other side they were more numerous still—Branch Inlet Battery, on the lower end of Sullivan's Island; Fort Beauregard, and on up to Fort Moultrie; while in the centre of the picture, rising as it were from the water, stood Fort Sumter, displaying the rebel flag at one angle and the Palmetto flag on the opposite angle; and beyond Fort Ripley and Castle Pinckney, the city filling up the background. Meanwhile, the attacking vessels lay at anchor in the main ship channel, within a mile of the batteries on Morris Island, without provoking a hostile shot. The *Weehawken* was in the van, and the other vessels in the order in which they are named in the plan of attack. Precisely at half-past twelve o'clock the fleet commenced to move. The distance to the positions at which they were directed to attack was nearly four miles, and for almost all that distance they were within range of the enemy's batteries. But again there is a delay. Grappling-irons attached to the *Weehawken* have got foul of her anchor cable, and it takes nearly an hour to set matters right. At last the difficulty is got over, and once more the vessels are under way. Slowly they move up the ship channel; they pass within easy range of Fort Wagner on Morris Island, but not a shot disputes their progress. They pass the battery at Cummings Point, named, I believe, Battery Bee, but still not a discharge from a rebel gun; and it is not till the vessels have got fairly between the two upper points of Morris Island and Sullivan's Island, which are about a mile apart, and are rounding to make the entrance of the harbour, that the ominous stillness is broken. Fort Sumter opens the ball with her barbette guns; Fort Moultrie takes up the loud refrain. The various batteries join in the deafening chorus, and the ironclads find themselves within a circle of fire, concentrated from all the rebel guns that can be brought to bear upon the point. Nor is that all that these little floating turrets have to contend with. If it were, they might have held on their way defiantly and run the gauntlet of all the batteries that stood between them and Charleston. The weak side of Fort Sumter is well known to be its north-west front. That was the point against which our guns were ordered to be directed; but that was also the point which the rebel engineers were determined that we should not get at. From the



POLISH INSURGENTS INTERCEPTING A RAILWAY TRAIN.

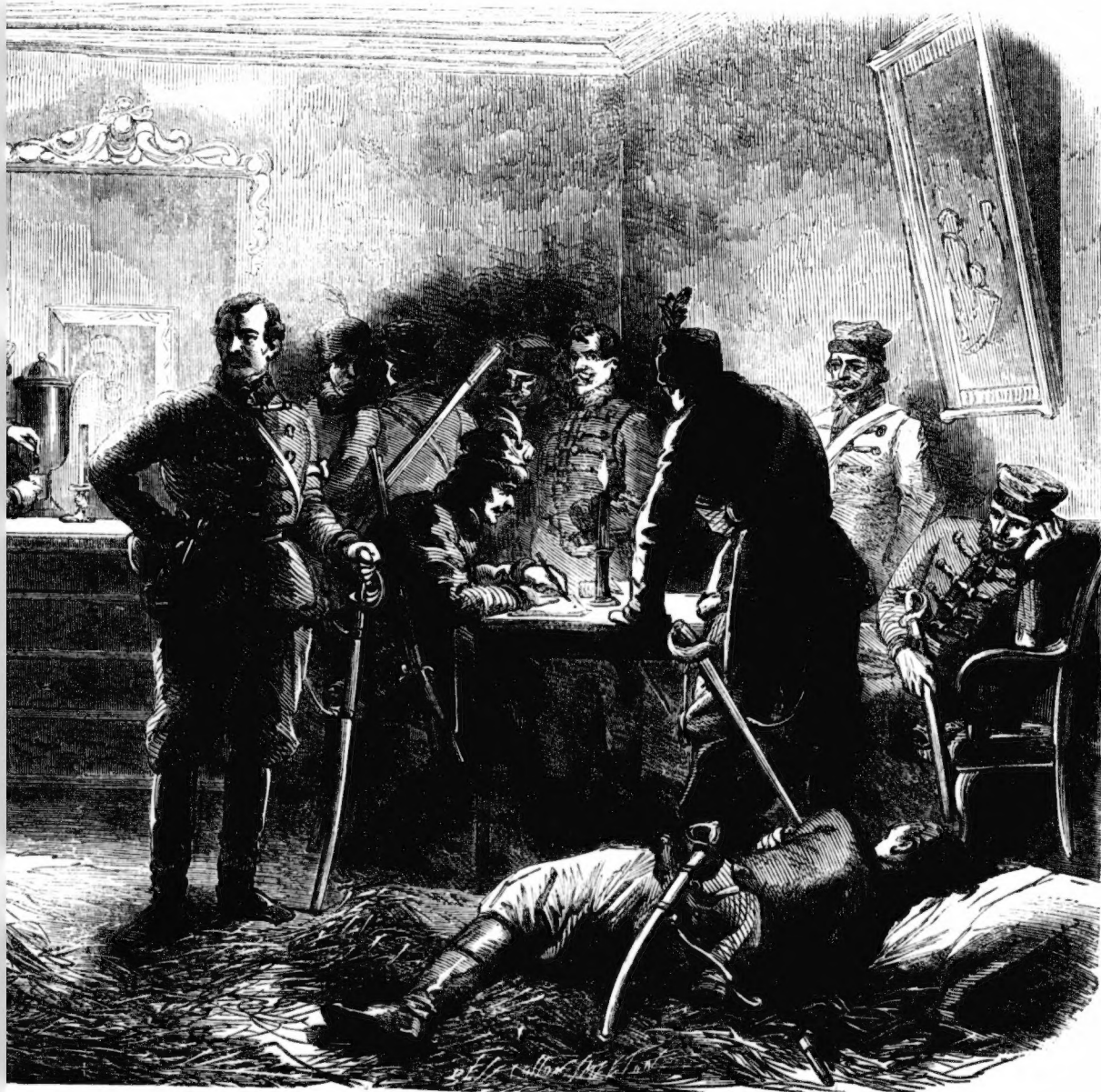
lieved to or a few oceed on

quarters ngiewicz. chief of Cracow as, how-

ever, since been set at liberty on parole. A visit to the camp of Langiewicz and to the apartment in the residence of the General, represented in our Engraving, is thus described by the correspondent of a Lemberg journal:—

"On the left is a chamber of moderate dimensions, in the centre of which is a table of a long and oval shape, and around this sit and stand many men, who carry on so lively a discussion that one can scarcely comprehend its purport. Some of these are strong and wiry, others are in the bloom of youth; but among those present there are weatherbeaten men, with

grey beards and locks. At the end of the table, somewhat sideways, sits General Langiewicz, engaged in writing. The noise does not disturb him. In this respect, according to the report of those around him, he possesses much presence of mind. He writes, and at the same time answers many questions, and also distributes various orders to his officers, who continually come and go. His answers were short and decided, as were his orders. At last he raised his head a little, and I could observe him more narrowly. Persons entirely disinterested would declare his appearance to be quite an ordinary one, but he pleased me on the instant."



POLISH GENERAL BENTKOWSKI AND HIS STAFF.—(FROM SKETCHES BY M. LALLEMAND.)



THE QUEEN OF SPAIN RECEIVING FROM THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR THE GRAND CORDON OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR FOR THE PRINCE OF THE AETHIAS.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 209.

A COLLISION.

THE House of Commons is getting irritable and explosive. The weather has been unusually warm. Perhaps that has something to do with it. Why not? Are not all combustibles more liable to ignite, and explosives to explode, in hot weather than they are in cold? And there is another reason. Since the Easter holidays the House has got to be very full, and there is, consequently, more friction, and friction always produces heat, both in material substances and on human tempers. But, whatever may be the cause, we are certainly getting very much more irritable than we were before Easter. On Thursday, in last week, we had a scene which in times gone by would have led to a meeting at Chalk Farm or Wormwood Scrubs. The performers in this scene were John Arthur Roebuck, the notable member for Sheffield, and George William Pierrepont Bentinck, the hardly less notable member for West Norfolk. These two gentlemen sat in close neighbourhood to each other—almost in contiguity. Roebuck sits on the floor on the Opposition side, Bentinck just above him. There was no premonitory sign of this scene. It took us all by surprise. Indeed, these two gentlemen were about the two last people in the House whom we should have expected would come into collision. It is time, however, to describe the scene. Lord Palmerston had moved that the Speaker do leave the chair, to enable him (Lord P.) to move a grant of £50,000 for the Albert memorial. Mr. Bentinck had a notice on the books—that he should, upon going into supply, call attention to the seizure of certain British vessels by American cruisers, and now was the time for him to rise. But before he could do this Mr. Roebuck nimbly jumped up to put a question to Lord Palmerston and to make a speech upon the same subject; and thus, to the great disgust of Mr. Bentinck, forestalled him; whereupon, after Mr. Roebuck had finished, Mr. Bentinck, in the angriest of moods, thus exploded upon Mr. Roebuck:—"The honourable gentleman must be aware that it is not in accordance with the courtesy of the House to forestall the motion of another honourable member of the House, &c. But the honourable gentleman does not seem to be particularly careful to maintain a spotless character in the House!" Whew! here was an insinuation!

On Roebuck's cheek the flush of rage
Became the ashen hue of age,

and, starting to his feet, fiercely he broke forth, "I object to that language;" and then we had the following remarkable colloquy:—

Bentinck—I am perfectly ready to state the grounds.
Roebuck—I don't want you to state the grounds—I rise to order.
Mr. Speaker—I did not hear the words the honourable and learned member complains of.

Roebuck—Then I will repeat the words—"That he did not seem to be particularly careful to maintain a spotless character in the House."
Mr. Speaker—The hon. gentleman (Mr. Bentinck) will see that the observation, "that the hon. and learned member has done something not consistent with character," is not proper language for the House.

Bentinck—I am the last man, if I have done anything wrong, to persevere in it; but if I have said anything which the hon. and learned member thinks requires explanation, I am perfectly ready to explain it in the most public manner.

Roebuck—I don't want explanation.
Bentinck—I think the hon. and learned gentleman has exercised a very sound discretion in foregoing explanation.

And here the matter ended. And now our readers will naturally ask what it all meant? What was it that Mr. Bentinck alluded to, and why did Roebuck forego explanation? Well, we do not know; we can only surmise. But our readers will see that it would not be proper, nor even safe, to utter our surmises. If it be true, as some say, these explanations, though foregone in the House, are to be demanded elsewhere, and in another form, all will come out. The House generally was as much at a loss to know what Mr. Bentinck's allusions pointed at as our readers are; and when the scene was over there was evidently a good deal of questioning going on for some time upon the subject; but nothing more was publicly said. Mr. Roebuck gulped down his wrath, and Mr. Bentinck hoisted sail and glided away upon his course as calmly as if nothing had happened. It was, however, a sharp collision, and, as we have said, in old times must have led to "pistols for two."

TEAR-FULL AT THE YANKEES.

Thus much for the celebrated passage of arms between the honourable member for West Norfolk and the honourable member for Sheffield. We will now go back a pace or two and notice the extraordinary speech made by Mr. Roebuck previous to this scene. Every one in the House, and, indeed, everybody out of the House, knows Mr. Roebuck's infirmity of temper; but nobody could have dreamed that we should ever have such an exhibition as that which we had on that night. We have called this wild outbreak extraordinary. But it was more than extraordinary. It was unprecedented—unique. There never was anything like it uttered in Parliament before, and we think we may say that there never will be anything like it again. We recollect a notable railway magnate—quite sunk below the horizon now, if not dead—entering the House on the eve of the Russian War, flushed with wine, and making a swaggering speech, in which he invoked the British Lion and flourished "the flag that has braved," &c., until the House roared again. This, however, was simply a piece of drunken swagger, and there was not a spice of venom in it; but the speech of the hon. member for Sheffield was a very different thing. It was premeditated, studied—delivered, as the indictments say, with malice prepense and aforethought, and with all that studied dramatic action for which Mr. Roebuck is so remarkable, and of which he is so evidently proud; and it was as full of venom against the Americans as their own rattlesnakes are.

THE EFFECT.

Well, the effect upon the House was various. The rollicking Conservative boys evidently enjoyed it as capital fun. They cheered on the hon. member as they would a bulldog or a coalporter in a street encounter; and when they saw, or thought they saw, that their cheering stimulated the speaker to still more extravagance and violence, they cheered the more. To the solid country gentlemen the scene was evidently painful. They are not favourers of the Yankees, but they are gentlemen still—always gentlemen—and such language as this is never anything but distasteful to their feelings. The Liberals to a man, we think, heard this harangue with unmitigated disgust, which became all the more intense when they considered whence it came. Loud cries of "Oh, oh!" met every sentence, and sometimes "Order, order!" as if they thought, as well they might, that such language went beyond the rules which govern discussion in the English Parliament. When, however, all was over, there seemed to be a feeling that the speech would do more good than harm. "That was a useful speech of Roebuck's," said a Liberal member. "Useful! How?" was the reply. "Well, it will teach the country how to measure the violence of speakers over the water. Tramway Train never said anything worse than this. Cassius Clay never uttered anything more fierce. Nor did Butler swagger and bully more ludicrously than Roebuck. For my part, I think the speech will do good." And there may be something in this. But still, when we think of what the speaker was once in the old times, and the services he has done, we could wish that it had been delivered by any man rather than by him. In years gone by Roebuck was classed amongst the philosophic Radicals of the time—that small but notable band which numbered in its ranks Grote, the historian, General Thompson, John Stuart Mill, and other names of no mean celebrity. But, not to say anything of his Radicalism, where is John Arthur Roebuck's philosophy now? He has degenerated from a philosopher to an irritable, petulant scold. There is the same terse and idiomatic, expressive language—the same forcible dramatic action—perhaps now carried to an extreme, however; but the mind that animated all this is rarely seen now. No; this is not the John Arthur Roebuck—the able, eloquent tribune of the people that once we knew, but quite another.

HORSMAN'S PYROTECHNIC EXHIBITION.

That noted performer, Mr. Horsman, has, though somewhat tardily, at last made his appearance; and on the same night—we mean the night on which Mr. Roebuck exploded—the right honourable gentle-

man favoured the House with one of his famous pyrotechnic displays. He has probably several more of these fireworks in the pigeon-hole of his escritoire, duly prepared and labelled for use; but No. 1, evidently one of the best of the lot, is expended, and it now devolves upon us to notice the performance, or, as we should rather say, the exhibition. Well, in honesty we cannot say that the great pyrotechnist was so successful as he has been on former occasions; and yet there did not lack art in the preparation of this firework. It was wonderfully prepared and skilfully managed, and the performance ought to have been a decided hit; but somehow it was not. Some of his former displays, as we all remember, created quite a furore of delight, and as the sparks whirled about and the periodic bangs rattled through the House, the Conservative gentlemen opposite, for whose amusement these exhibitions are especially designed, broke forth into tumults of rapturous applause; but on this occasion, though there were the same fire and fury, and ever and anon the same explosions, there was no excitement amongst the spectators. On the contrary, hardly a cheer broke forth; indeed, there were not wanting, row and then, signs of disapprobation; and once, when the performer evidently expected a burst of applause, there came forth only an audible long-drawn yawn from a gentleman near, evoking a shout of laughter from all parts of the House. This gentleman, it appears, had listened and looked, and looked and listened, until he became so oppressed with weariness that he could do no other than stretch out his legs, throw back his head, and give vent to his feelings in this natural, though hardly Parliamentary, manner. The House, as we have said, laughed; but the performer turned sharply round towards his interrupter with evident disgust, as well he might; for after days of preparation to get a long-drawn yawn instead of applause is not pleasant. The cause of this notable performer's failure on this occasion is not difficult to discover. The House is tired of these displays from their very sameness. The language is good—beautiful, if you like the term better—but it is always the same language. The sentences are models of composition; but we have heard them so often before, or something so like them, that they become a weariness to the flesh. And, then, there is nothing in these speeches worth the carrying away. The facts are really not facts, but fancies dressed up like facts, or, at best, facts perverted to a wrong use, whilst the reasonings are transparent sophistries—sophistries which have so often been exposed and refuted that it is really wonderful that any man should have the audacity to present them, however well dressed, before such an assembly as the House of Commons. Mr. Horsman is constantly tricking out these old, dead fallacies and dancing them before our eyes, and trying to persuade us they are living truths. But there is another thing which makes Horsman's speeches distasteful to the House. They are so bitter, so full of invective. And this bitter invective is not prompted by the occasion. Impulsive bitterness the House can tolerate and forgive; but Mr. Horsman's bitterness is evidently distilled at home, and carefully bottled up and labelled for use. Now all this, when discovered, is not liked by Englishmen. A jolly set-to as often as you like, and hit as hard as you like; but no prepared venom, no darts carefully ground, and pointed, and poisoned at home. This is not English warfare, and we don't like it.

FERRAND'S REDIIVUS.

The redoubtable Mr. William Busfield Ferrand, a warrior of the old corn-law wars, has, as our readers know, again appeared in the House of Commons. For sixteen years he has been out of Parliament, and since he was in before great changes have come over the land. The Conservatives have accepted free trade. Indeed, it is now almost universally acknowledged that the abolition of the corn laws is not only a great fact but an inestimable—a priceless blessing. But Mr. Ferrand, amidst all these changes, has changed not a whit. In body and mind he is still the same; in outward appearance he is still the tall, broad-shouldered, sturdy, well-built, stalwart, Yorkshireman that we knew him sixteen years ago; and he has still the same wonderful features—wonderful because they are so indicative of the spirit within—a spirit not over sagacious, not very clear-sighted, but marvellously self-satisfied and doggedly tenacious, even to obstinacy. Nor has time impaired his remarkable lungs. When he was speaking on Monday night last you could hear him in the outer lobby; indeed, some one told us that down in the courtyard the voice of this Yorkshire stentor was distinctly heard. And then, as to his speech delivered on this occasion, it was ludicrously like what we used to hear in the days when he battled with Peel and bearded Graham; so like, indeed, that we venture to think that in the main features of it it was really an old speech; and to corroborate this we may note the antiquity of the documents which he read. Some of them were yellow with age. However, in sentiments as well as in person, the man is still the same. He still believes in protection; still believes that the manufacturing districts are slaughter-houses, and that the manufacturers are ghouls, whilst the rural parts of the country are paradises for poor men; their cottages models of human dwellings, the inhabitants thereof happy and beautiful as the creatures of pastoral poets; and the farmers and landlords the very fathers of the poor. It was clear, however, that the world is changed, though Mr. Ferrand is not. In old days, how rapturously that speech of his on Monday night would have been cheered, and how ferociously would he have been "harked on" whilst he was attacking the manufacturers! But the old generation has passed away; a new one has come, which knows not Ferrand and has no sympathy with his views; and so it came to pass that he got no encouraging cheers from his own side, and only a contemptuous laugh from the other.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, APRIL 24.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

MAILS IN CAPTURED VESSELS.

Lord REDESDALE drew attention to the instructions issued by Mr. Seward to the naval officers of the United States that no mails should be opened when seized on board any ship, but should be either given up to the Consul of the nation to which the vessel belonged, or sent to the United States' Government; but that any correspondence found in them would be referred to in the prize court, and used in deciding the condemnation of the vessel. He wished to know if these were instructions with which the Foreign Secretary had expressed himself satisfied.

Earl RUSSELL was understood to reply that this order had been modified, but that the practice was in a certain degree sanctioned by the dictum of Lord Stowell.

The Earl of DERBY observed that nothing could be more monstrous than this claim on the part of the American Government; but what was still more astonishing was that her Majesty's Government should in any way have acquiesced in it.

After some further discussion, Earl RUSSELL promised to consult the law officers of the Crown on the point, and to report their opinion to the House on Monday.

QUALIFICATION FOR OFFICES ABOLITION BILL.

On the order for the second reading of the Qualification for Offices Abolition Bill, the Earl of DERBY moved, as an amendment, that the bill be read a second time that day six months. On a division the motion for the second reading was negatived by a majority of 69 to 52. The measure was therefore lost.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE LATE MURDER IN GLASGOW.

Mr. STIRLING applied for copies of the proceedings at the trial of Jessie McIntosh, or McLaughlin, convicted of murder at the Circuit Court at Glasgow in September, 1862; and of the evidence taken at the subsequent inquiry before Mr. Young.

Sir G. GREY took upon himself the sole and undivided responsibility of advising the Crown to exercise the prerogative of mercy; but he was averse to producing the documents, because his doing so would establish the objectionable precedent of constituting the House of Commons a court of appeal in criminal cases.

THE ALEXANDRA.

Mr. HORSFALL called attention to the seizure of the Alexandra at Liverpool, and condemned the act as the deliberate infliction of a serious injury on the respectable owners, who denied that the vessel was fitted out with the view of being employed in the Confederate service.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL defended the course the Government had pursued, and declined to produce the papers.

Mr. CODDEN then called the attention of the House to the motives of national self-interest, and to the obligations of implied international engagements, by which the British Government is called upon for a vigilant and rigid enforcement of those provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act which forbid

the furnishing of ships of war to a belligerent Power to be employed against another Power with which this country is at peace.

A long discussion followed, in which Mr. Horsman, the Solicitor-General, Sir F. Kelly, and Lord Palmerston took part, after which the subject dropped.

MONDAY, APRIL 27.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

OPENING MAIL-BAGS FOUND IN CAPTURED VESSELS.

Earl RUSSELL gave his promised explanation in reference to the opening of mail-bags found on board vessels captured by the Federal cruisers. He stated that Mr. Archibald, the British Consul at New York, had been required by the prize commissioners to open the mail-bag found on board the Peterhoff. He refused, whereupon the commissioners opened it, and found several parcels addressed to Matamoras. Subsequently they required Mr. Archibald to open them. He declined; but offered, if the prize commissioners chose to open the parcels, to remain as a witness. The parcels were not, however, opened. Lord Lyons had seen Mr. Seward in reference to the matter, and had complained that the treatment of the mail-bags was contrary to the order issued last year to the naval commanders in the Federal service. Mr. Seward had telegraphed that the parcels were not to be opened at present, and the Government of the United States had come to no definite conclusion on the subject. Meantime the matter was under the consideration of the law officers of the Crown, and, as the English Government would have to communicate with that of the United States on the subject, he would defer stating at present what were the opinions of the law officers.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE CONDITION OF THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

Mr. FERRAND moved, at great length, that in the opinion of the House it is the duty of the Government to take into consideration without delay what measures may be necessary to relieve the distress which prevails in the cotton-manufacturing districts, so that the people may no longer continue unemployed.

Mr. POTTER moved an amendment to the effect that a Royal Commission be appointed to inquire into the present state of the cotton-manufacturing districts, and to report on the best mode of relieving the distress therein.

Mr. VILLIERS said that both Mr. Ferrand and Mr. Potter seemed to think that the emigration of the unemployed operatives should be aided by the Government; but, though they would not throw any obstacle in the way of emigration, the Government should not propose or urge it. That was a state of things to which we had not come. He suggested that there was scope for the employment of a large number of people in this country in the drainage and improvement of land, and he read statements from persons of great experience to that effect. Public works in towns had likewise been recommended, and money might be readily raised for such objects, which had been postponed in some places because labour had been dear. Under these circumstances, the Government had determined to send down a very competent person, accompanied by engineers and surveyors, to inquire what works might be accomplished, and in what way they could be commenced at once. This inquiry could not last more than three weeks.

Colonel PATTEN stated the condition of the relief funds. The total amount of the receipts (including £680,000 from the poor rate) was £2,735,000, of which £1,400,000 had been contributed by Lancashire alone. The Relief Committees had only a sum of £755,000 in hand, which would not last for a very long period; and he rejoiced at the step taken by the Government, not doubting that most useful information would be thereby obtained.

The debate was continued by Mr. Hibbert, Major Edwards, Lord E. Howard, Mr. Garnett, Mr. Gregson, Mr. Newdegate, and Mr. Maguire, after which the amendment and the motion were withdrawn.

WAYS AND MEANS.

The House then went into Committee of Ways and Means, and was occupied for some time in the discussion of the Budget resolutions.

TUESDAY, APRIL 28.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Lord STANLEY of ALDERLEY stated, in reply to the Earl of Hardwicke, that the original requirements of the contract with the Galway Packet Company would be included in the renewed contract.

On the suggestion of Earl Granville, the question of the proposed extensions of metropolitan railways was referred to the Select Committee on the question.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

PROMOTION IN THE ARMY.

General LINDSAY moved an address to the Queen, praying the appointment of a commission to inquire into the claims of twenty-one officers of the Army promoted to colonelcies in 1855 and 1856, as Aides-de-Camp to her Majesty, and for distinguished service in the Crimean War, who, by recommendation of the commission of 1858, referring to another class of officers, had been deprived, to an undue extent, of the position they attained by the promotion conferred upon them; and to report to her Majesty whether they are entitled to redress; and, if so, in what form it should be accorded to them.

After some discussion, Lord PALMERSTON promised, if General Lindsay would withdraw his motion, to issue a commission of inquiry into the subject. General LINDSAY having accepted the undertaking of the Premier, the motion was withdrawn.

MILITARY DEFENCE OF THE COLONIES.

Mr. A. MILL then directed attention to the correspondence recently laid before Parliament between Government and the Governors of Canada and of New Zealand, concerning the military defence of those colonies. The honourable member argued that the time had arrived when, with the possession of representative institutions, the colonies ought to take upon themselves the charge of their own defence.

Mr. C. FORTESCUE enlarged on the condition of Canada, and went at some length into the views entertained by the Government in respect to that country.

Some discussion ensued, which ended in the motion being withdrawn, on the undertaking by Mr. Fortescue that when the correspondence was completed it should be laid on the table.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF IRON-CLAD SHIPS.

Sir J. ELPHINSTONE moved for a Royal Commission to inquire into the best form of iron-clad ships for the Navy. The discussion lasted for some time, after which the motion was withdrawn.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

CHURCH RATES.

Sir J. TRELAUNY moved the second reading of the Church Rates Abolition Bill.

Mr. G. HARDY moved that the bill be read a second time that day six months, and argued that church rates were neither unjust nor intolerable, and reminded the House that every offer which had hitherto been made to relieve the Dissenters from the impost had been rejected by them.

Mr. MITFORD seconded the amendment, which was supported by Mr. Whiteside, Lord J. Manners, and other members; while Sir C. Douglas, Sir George Grey, and Mr. Walter spoke in support of the bill. On a division, the measure was rejected by a majority of ten, in a very full house, the numbers being—For the second reading, 275; against it, 285.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE BRITISH MAIL-BAGS IN AMERICA.

Earl RUSSELL said, the question of the Peterhoff and the detention of her Majesty's mails having been the subject of discussion in that House, it might be desirable for him to state the substance of the information he had received that day from Lord Lyons. Lord Lyons stated that, in answer to his application with regard to the vessel and cargo of the Peterhoff, the American Government had decided that they should not release the vessel, and had determined to send her before the Prize Court. With regard to the mail-bags sent by her Majesty's Postmaster-General, in conformity with the letter of Oct. 31, they would be sent to their destination unopened. Mr. Seward also stated that in any similar case he should proceed in the same course until some agreement had been arrived at between her Majesty's Government and the United States' Government, and said he did not think that the law of nations laid down any precise rule with regard to the somewhat novel practice of forwarding mails by private ships, and therefore he wished to make an intimation to her Majesty's Government, but he would not state what that communication would be, because it was a matter for subsequent consideration.

The Drainage of Land (Ireland) Bill was read a third time and passed.

The Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill was read a second time.

THE FORTS AT SPITHEAD.

In answer to the Earl of Hardwicke, the Duke of SOMERSET said that the Government had no power at present to spend any more money on the forts at Spithead, and that they would soon lay before the House a scheme, because, if the works were to be gone on with, it was advisable not to lose the benefit of the present summer.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE CASE OF THE PETERHOFF.

Mr. LAYARD, in reply to Mr. Forster, said that a despatch had been received that day at the Foreign Office from Lord Lyons, communicating the information that Mr. Seward had given directions that the mail-bags seized on board the Peterhoff should be sent to their destination without being opened. The ship, however, was ordered to go before a Prize Court.

CUSTOMS AND INLAND REVENUE BILL.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER moved the second reading of this bill.

Lord R. CECIL opposed the scheme for laying taxes on charities, and

expressed a hope that the House would negative the bill. In the case of St. Bartholomew's Hospital alone the imposition of the tax would deprive hundreds of in-patients and thousands of out-patients of the benefits of the charity.

Several other members having expressed their disapproval of the right hon. gentleman's propositions regarding charitable institutions,

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said St. Bartholomew's Hospital would be taxed under the new arrangement upon an income of £36,000 a year, and would have to pay £700 a year. Having answered some of the objections raised against his proposal, he said he only intended to tax that class of endowments which had permanent sources of income, and not to impose any tax upon voluntary contributions to public charities.

Ultimately the bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Monday next.

The House then went into Committee upon the Stock Certificates to Bearer Bill, the clauses of which were, after considerable discussion, agreed to. Several other bills were advanced a stage.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1863.

THE AMERICAN THREAT.

"Do the Northern States really wish for a war with England?" This is, perhaps, the most generally-mooted question of the day. It is one well worth consideration by all classes of Englishmen, whatever may be their varieties of opinion. There are many reasons why the yet United States should assume a belligerent aspect towards ourselves. They may therefore hope to divert the attention of their own more turbulent citizens from the contemplation of their enormous failures, both naval and military. They at the same time deprecate the censure and ridicule of the rest of the world, just as we have seen a thrashed and defeated bully turn upon some inoffensive member of a surrounding crowd, and endeavour to repair his maimed reputation, and save his injured self-conceit, by a volley of threats against at least one of the spectators of his discomfiture. The holding out of threats of war upon England may be considered advisable, in order to secure the adherence of the lower order of American Irishry. It may be also politic to conciliate the mercantile interest of the North by some hope of making up, by means of a future war, the enormous losses which must have been caused by the one at present in hand. It may be that all the warlike talk directed against England may be mere vapouring and empty boast, like the oft-repeated promise of crushing the so-called rebellion in ninety days; or it may even be that, in the present intellectual demoralisation of the Northern States, a war with England may be seriously contemplated, and even entered upon as the true solution of the secession difficulty, and the only practicable method of bringing the Confederates once more into the Union.

We are prepared to regard the anti-English ebullitions of the North under any of these aspects. England has shown that, under the present peculiar political exigencies of the North, she is prepared to maintain her own temper under any aggravation of insult short of actual injury. The fullest latitude is accorded to our own press, which is limited only by these rules of good taste and decency which, while they restrain licentiousness, confer influence, respect, and authority. We can make every allowance for the vagaries of editorship where such rules are not allowed to prevail. We can estimate mass-meetings at their full value, for we have not lacked among ourselves listening and applauding crowds to the direct nonsense that stump orators could find it in their heads to put forth. No expression of opinion, no tirade of insult or abuse, however virulent or authoritative, from the other side of the Atlantic, will stir the English blood into active resentment, especially against an opponent whom we are not indisposed to regard with a kind of pity. But thus far and no farther. There must be no interference with British business, no hindrance or opposition to British commerce. And it is in this direction that the North appears to be drifting—perhaps presuming upon our quiescence, perhaps endeavouring to provoke us into a war more or less justifiable upon our part.

And what is the object proposed by the Northern demagogues, and openly put forward by them? Nothing less than the annihilation of British commerce. In other words, the deprivation, to be endured by the whole world, of the benefits of our national enterprise, capital, and faculties of distribution. And the means by which this precious object is to be gained is that of an organised piracy, of a class disclaimed and repudiated years ago by the entire community of civilised nations, America alone excepted. Letters of marque are to be issued, privateers are to be put into commission, and the English merchant service is to be swept from the surface of the seas. England, having led the way to the abolition of this the greatest curse of maritime warfare, is to be put to the election of either returning to the old barbarous practice or of being compelled to suffer the complete obstruction of her ocean traffic. And the merchants and brokers of the North, reduced to their worthless "greenbacks" and otherwise brought down to the verge of financial beggary, hope to recoup themselves at the expense of our trade by the organisation of a system of sheer piracy.

And these folks are so miserably shallow and shortsighted as evidently not to anticipate the course which a manly and earnestly-progressive community would pursue under such circumstances, and to imagine that, because they, in cool deliberation, refrained from adopting the course prescribed by advancing civilisation, they are henceforth to be absolved from its behests. England abandoned the privilege of

issuing letters of marque at the time when such a practice might have been most profitable to herself. We have no fear but that our national conduct will be henceforth as consistent as it has already been self-denying. England has refused letters of marque when they offered a means of profit and offence against an enemy. She can now justly decline to acknowledge their efficacy if attempted to be used against herself. Let it be announced that privateering, abolished in European wars, will not be recognised as a peculiar privilege of the New World—that all privateers will be treated, not as belligerents, but as pirates, and we shall probably hear fewer threats of war from America. If England hesitate, or recognise on the part of our enemy those rules of warfare which she has been foremost in declaring indefensible, she will not only stultify her own position, but stand a fair chance of reaping the fruits of folly and timidity. It is not necessary, as yet, to proclaim that henceforth every privateer's crew captured *flagrante delicto*, will be held guilty of piracy and hanged. It will be amply sufficient, at least for some time to come, to make known to all the world that England, having, in common with other nations, entered into a protest against privateering, disdains to stultify herself by acting against her own decision, even with respect to others who stood aloof from the compact. Then, should occasion arise, she will know how to deal with offenders who choose to adhere to exploded laws of warfare, and who have vainly striven to exempt themselves from those laws of nations which cannot be evaded by merely standing out in a miserable minority of one.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES will visit Oxford on the 16th of June, and will be present at the Commemoration on the following day.

A SPECIAL MEETING of the Fellows of the Royal Horticultural Society is to be held on the 16th inst., for the purpose of electing the Princess of Wales a member of the society.

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE D'ESSLING, son of Marshal Massena, of apoplexy, at the age of fifty-one, is just announced in the French papers.

THE LADIES OF COVENTRY are about to present to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales a handsome watch of Coventry manufacture. This will be not only an ornamental but a useful present. Some of the very best watches made are manufactured in Coventry.

THE IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF MEDICINE OF PARIS, at its last sitting, elected Mr. Faraday Foreign Associate of that learned body, by a majority of 52 votes to 1.

THE CITY OF LONDON expended £30,000 in the reception of Princess Alexandra. This includes the £10,000 necklace.

BARON RICASSOLI has visited the King of Italy at Florence. His Majesty was exceedingly gracious, talked politics for an hour, and at the end of the interview promised to visit the Baron in his ancient castle of Broglio.

CONSIDERABLE PLANTATIONS OF COTTON have been made in Morocco by order of the Sultan.

SMALLPOX, scarlatina, measles, and other eruptive diseases, are at present very prevalent in London.

LIEUTENANT CAVENTISH GORE HARVEY, of her Majesty's ship *Blenheim*, has been dismissed from the service for drunkenness.

THE FOLLOWING MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE are said to be arranged:—Hon. Gerard Noel, M.P., son of the Earl of Gainsborough, to the daughter of Colonel the Hon. Henry Lowther, M.P.; Mr. Welby Gregory, M.P., to the Hon. Victoria Stuart Wortley; and the eldest son of Sir Edward Cust to Miss Bridgeman, sister of Lady Otho Fitzgerald.

M. VERDI is at present in Paris, and engaged in superintending the revival of the opera of "Les Vêpres Siciliennes."

IT IS THE INTENTION of the authorities of Manchester to form a portrait-gallery of local worthies and a museum, to be situated in the Queen's Park.

AN EARTHQUAKE occurred at the new sewer works at Deptford on Monday morning, which carried away the shoring and buried three men, whose lives have, of course, been lost, while five others narrowly escaped.

THE IMMIGRATION to the State of Illinois for the past year is greater than in any preceding year since 1855.

AT THE SACKING OF MIECHOW by the Russians a party of soldiers broke into an apothecary's shop, and, without pausing to see what the bottles contained, swallowed all their contents, and some twenty of them met their death by these means.

QUININE, opium, morphine, and other drugs are 400 per cent dearer in the United States than they were a twelvemonth ago.

TWO VESSELS, the *Genil* and the *Junpore*, have arrived in the Mersey laden with cotton from China, and are said to be only the pioneers of a large fleet now at sea with cargoes of Chinese cotton.

THE GREATER PROPORTION of the guns in the Charleston forts, it is said, are 7-inch rifled Blakely cannon, the same as those on board the *Alabama*, which were used against the *Hatteras*.

TWO HAWKERS were racing their carts near Kendal, when they came in collision with the wagonette of the Bishop of Carlisle and capsized his Lordship.

MR. HENNESSY, M.P., has received an ovation at Cracow as an expression of gratitude for his services to the cause of Poland.

THE SWISS FEDERAL COUNCIL, in reply to the Cabinets of Vienna and Turin, has, it is said, declared the reports of Mazzinian proceedings in Switzerland to be false.

FOR YEARS no such great heat has been felt in Northern India so early in the year as March, the temperature having been eight degrees higher than at the same period last year.

CANADA is now much agitated by the discussion of the question of separate schools for Catholics and Protestants respectively. Many public meetings have been held to consider the subject.

COUNT SIGISMUND WIELOPOLSKI has just passed through Dresden on his way to Switzerland. Some of the French journals affirm that the object in view is a hostile meeting with Count Branki.

A LIFE OF M. VICTOR HUGO, understood to be from the pen of M. de Hugo, will be shortly published in London and Brussels. The work, it is said, will contain a drama and many other unpublished works of the poet.

WINTERHALTER, the celebrated portrait-painter, has been at Brussels during the last few days, having received orders to paint the Duchess of Brabant in the dress which she wore at the Prince of Wales's marriage.

THE LADIES OF HAMM, in Westphalia, have just held a meeting in which they voted the abolition of crinoline. The singular part of the matter is that the majority of the ladies who attended wore exceedingly ample dresses.

ROCKINGHAM HOUSE, in Roscommon, the seat of Lord Lorton, was totally destroyed by fire last week. The Hon. Mrs. King and some others of the inmates had a narrow escape. How the fire originated is not known.

SIR JOHN BOWRING has been appointed by Government one of the Envoys to attend the approaching Conference at Paris on the subject of the postal system—especially with reference to the postage of newspapers. All the large Continental nations will be represented at this Conference.

THE CITY OF YORK was visited by a very severe fire on Saturday, which totally consumed the premises of a firm of wholesale druggists, schoolrooms belonging to the Wesleyan body, and some property which adjoined these places. The damage is estimated at the serious amount of £25,000.

LORD MASSARENE died, at Antrim Castle, on Tuesday, from the injuries received in the accident which happened to him last week.

A CORONER'S JURY at Wakefield has pronounced the following verdict on the body of a convict of lazy habits who lately hung himself in the prison of that town:—"Hanged himself, probably with the intention of being found by the warders and obtaining relief from work and discipline."

MANY OF THE OPERATIVES OF STOCKPORT have expressed dissatisfaction at the terms offered them by the relief committee, and several have declined to go to work in the open air. The men, however, are quite peaceable, and there seems to be no apprehension of disturbance.

M. PALEOCAPA, the distinguished engineer, who was Minister of Public Works under the Provisional Government of Venice in 1848, and subsequently Minister of the same department at Turin until his eyesight failed him, is now at Venice, having obtained permission from the Austrian Government to stay there without molestation.

OWING TO THE MILDNESS OF THE PAST WINTER very little ice has been obtained in France. The principal caté of Paris and Lyons have consequently sent considerable orders to Norway. Lausanne, Geneva, and Aix-les-Bains have procured a supply from the nearest glaciers.

THE FOLLOWING NOTICE, said to have been stuck up at the market-house of Taunton, exemplifies the local dialect of Somersetshire:—"Lost, a hempy sack we another sack in un a wetstun, and a pecke of taters. Enyboddy vind-ing the same and oll bring un to Varmer Dunsun, at the Nag's Hid, shall ha' dree shilling gried to un, and a heap o' drink."

COUNT ORIOLEA, the Prussian Ambassador at the Hague, has just been seized with mental alienation. This is the second case of the kind which has occurred in the Prussian diplomatic body in less than a year, the other being that of M. De Kannitz, who represented King William I. at Rome.

TWO PRISONERS COMMITTED SUICIDE IN LEWES GAOL last week. One of them, a middle-aged man, named White, was found hanging in his cell in the morning. The second was a youth. He was out airing in the forenoon, and at about half-past twelve was found hanging by his handkerchief from the gaspipe in his cell. Patrick Manion, also a convict, has committed suicide in Newcastle Gaol.

AT A MEETING at the Bishop of London's residence, on Wednesday, it was resolved to raise £1,000,000 during the next ten years, for the purpose of building churches, providing missionary curates, &c., to meet the increasing spiritual necessities of the metropolis.

A PARTY of 1000 emigrants left Manchester on Tuesday, for Canterbury, New Zealand.

IN CONSEQUENCE of the great interest taken by the public in the exhibition of the wedding presents, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has consented that the presents may remain for inspection at the South Kensington Museum until the evening of Monday next, the 4th inst.

CAPTAINS SPEKE and GRANT have completed their arduous journey across Eastern and Central Africa, from Zanzibar to Khartum, on the White Nile, where they arrived in safety.

A BULL-FIGHT is shortly to take place in the old Roman amphitheatre of Nîmes, under the direction of a celebrated Spanish torador.

THE POPULATION OF CANADA, according to the last census, was 2,506,755. The aggregate population of the following seven cities—viz., Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, and London, was 245,316.

THE FRENCH ATLANTIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY has obtained a grant for twenty years for the conveyance of mails from Havre to New York, and from St. Nazaire to the West Indies and Aspinwall, with several branch lines, with a subsidy of 9,300,000*fr.*, or £372,000 per annum.

BY SOME INADVERTENCE the writ for a new election for Halifax was directed to Halifax in Nova Scotia, instead of Halifax in Yorkshire! The accident was discovered before the dispatch of the colonial mail, and the letter was delivered up by the Post Office authorities.

THE JESUITS, who were for so long a period in obscurity in France, unrecognized at the French Court, and fearful in any way of making themselves publicly conspicuous in Paris, appear now to have emerged from their retirement, and openly show signs of wealthy resources in the erection of new and magnificent buildings.

THE REPORT OF GENERAL LORD W. PAULET as to the Brighton volunteer review is published. He speaks in terms of high praise of the manner in which the various manoeuvres were executed, and adds that he considers the volunteer force "a most valuable institution in a defensible point of view for the country."

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, was, it is alleged, "violently excited" on the presentation of the despatches of the Western Powers on the state of Poland, especially with that of Earl Russell. It is further alleged, that immediately after the receipt of the despatches the Emperor Alexander summoned a "family council" at Zarsko-Selo, and that a "prolonged consultation" took place.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has been gazetted to the colonelcy of the 10th Hussars, or Prince of Wales's Own Regiment, vacant by the transference of Earl Beauchamp to the 2nd Life Guards, lately under the command of Lord Seaton.

DR. KRUSE, principal editor of the *Cologne Gazette*, was lately arrested by order of the Prussian Government for refusing to give up the name of the author of a communication which appeared in his journal. He was treated by the authorities like a common malefactor, but was subsequently released by the Judges of Cologne, who have on previous occasions shown their independence of the Government.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

RADNOR BOROUGH.—The election of a member for New Radnor, in the room of the late Sir G. C. Lewis, took place last Saturday. There was only one candidate, Mr. R. G. Price, who professed himself a Liberal-Conservative, intending to support Lord Palmerston. The election passed off without any noteworthy incident.

HALIFAX.—The election for Halifax took place on Tuesday, when Mr. Stanfield, the new Lord of the Admiralty, was re-elected without opposition. In his address to the electors Mr. Stanfield declared that the Government had determined to enter upon the work of economy in earnest, and that, if peace could be preserved, great retrenchments might be expected.

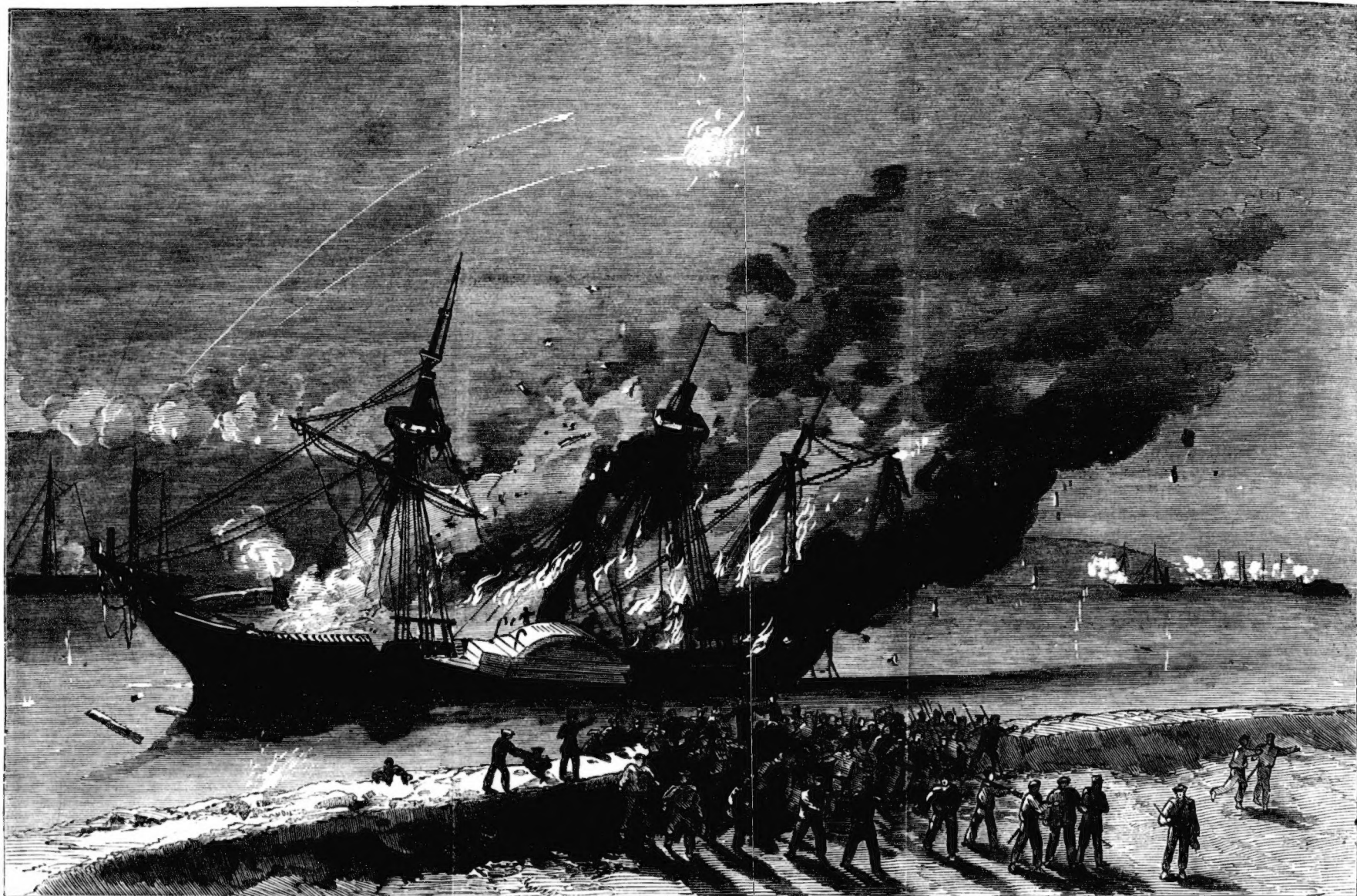
OXFORD UNIVERSITY.—The following document is in course of signature in the University of Oxford:—"We, the undersigned, electors of the University of Oxford, who have on previous occasions voted for Mr. Gladstone, feel so disatisfied with his recent speeches and votes on Church questions, that we pledge ourselves to support any Conservative candidate that may be brought forward whose Church principles are in accordance with those formerly professed by Mr. Gladstone, on the faith of which he was elected."

THE ROYAL VISIT TO ALDERSHOT.—The Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and Princes Louis, Alexander, and Henry of Hesse visited the camp at Aldershot on Tuesday, when a review was to have taken place; but, after the cavalry brigade and one infantry brigade had passed the saluting point, rain and hail, in a furious storm, burst overhead, and with such violence as fairly to drive every one before it. Here the review ended—for Princes and Generals, and whole regiments, equestrians and pedestrians, beat a precipitate retreat, fairly defeated by an enemy more relentless than even the dust. In mingled and picturesque masses the whole assemblage dispersed in very different order and condition to that in which they had taken the field. The Royal and distinguished party subsequently partook of luncheon at the quarters of General Pennesfather in the south camp.

GREEK FINANCE.—DUTY ON CURRENTS.—It is reported that amongst the financial expedients about to be resorted to by the Greek Government is the reimposition of the export duty on currents, which was abolished in 1860. Currents are the most important product of the country, the exports averaging 60,000 tons a year, and the value of that portion of the crop which is consumed in this country is more than seven-eighths of that of all the imports from the Greek kingdom. As there is practically no competition, and it has been found that no increase of price up to 6*d.* per pound has a material effect in diminishing consumption, the Greek financiers estimate the annual yield of an export duty of 10*s.* per cwt. at £600,000.

EXPERIMENTS AT SHOEBOURNNESS.—Another of those experiments which occasionally yield such important results with regard not only to armour-plate, but to the still more difficult and important question of how best to support them from behind, took place on Monday at Shoeboournness. This experiment was made by order of the Iron-plate Committee, all the members of which were present, together with many officers and others interested in the construction of armour-plate ships of war. The target fired at was constructed at the Millwall Ironworks from the designs of Mr. Chalmers, and, in addition to its other qualifications, it possessed the rare merit of having been built entirely at its inventor's own expense—a most unusual circumstance at Shoeboournness, where the crowd of inventors and patentees seldom evince sufficient confidence in the crotchets they compel the authorities to try, to venture anything themselves towards the cost of the trial. The result of the experiments on Monday showed that Mr. Chalmers had not been over-sanguine in the anticipations he expressed as to the powers of resistance of his target. Though exposed for some hours to a very severe battering from guns of all kinds, it withstood the attack better than any target of the same comparative thickness that has yet been tried, not even excepting the first and most famous target of all—that of the Warrior.

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.—SIR GEORGE GREY'S BILL.—On Monday morning the bill introduced in the House of Commons by Sir George Grey for the amalgamation of the city of London police with the Metropolitan police was issued from the Parliamentary printing-office. The title of the bill is "The City of London and Metropolitan Police Act, 1863." It is proposed that the bill shall take effect on the 1st of January next. It provides for the establishment of one or more branch stations or stations in the City, to be under the superintendence of a new Assistant Commissioner of Police, to be appointed by her Majesty, the offer of such appointment to be made in the first instance to Captain Hodgson. The City police force are to have the same rank, pay, and superannuation as they are now receiving; while the constables of the Metropolitan police force within the City are to have the same powers, duties, &c., as are exercised in the metropolitan districts. The Chamberlain of the city of London is to transfer all the cash vested in his name in connection with the police to the receiver for the Metropolitan police district; and, after the Act has come into operation, the expense of maintaining the addition to the Metropolitan police force is to be defrayed partly out of moneys to be provided by Parliament, and partly out of the police rate leviable under the City Police Act; the money payable by Parliament to bear the same proportion to the money payable out of the police rate as the money hitherto contributed by the Mayor and citizens and citizens has borne to the money payable out of the said rate. The Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police is to have power to issue a warrant requiring the Chamberlain of the city of London to pay out of any cash in his hands a sum not exceeding the amount of the police rate authorised to be levied by the City Police Act. The warrants of the City justices are to be recognised and executed in the counties of Middlesex, Surrey, Hertford, Essex, and Kent, and every warrant issued by any justice in those counties is to be executed in any part of the city of London,



THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.—THE FEDERAL STEAM-SHIP MISSISSIPPI ON FIRE AND AGROUND OFF PORT HUDSON.—(FROM A SKETCH BY F. H. SCHNELL.—SEE PAGE 306.)

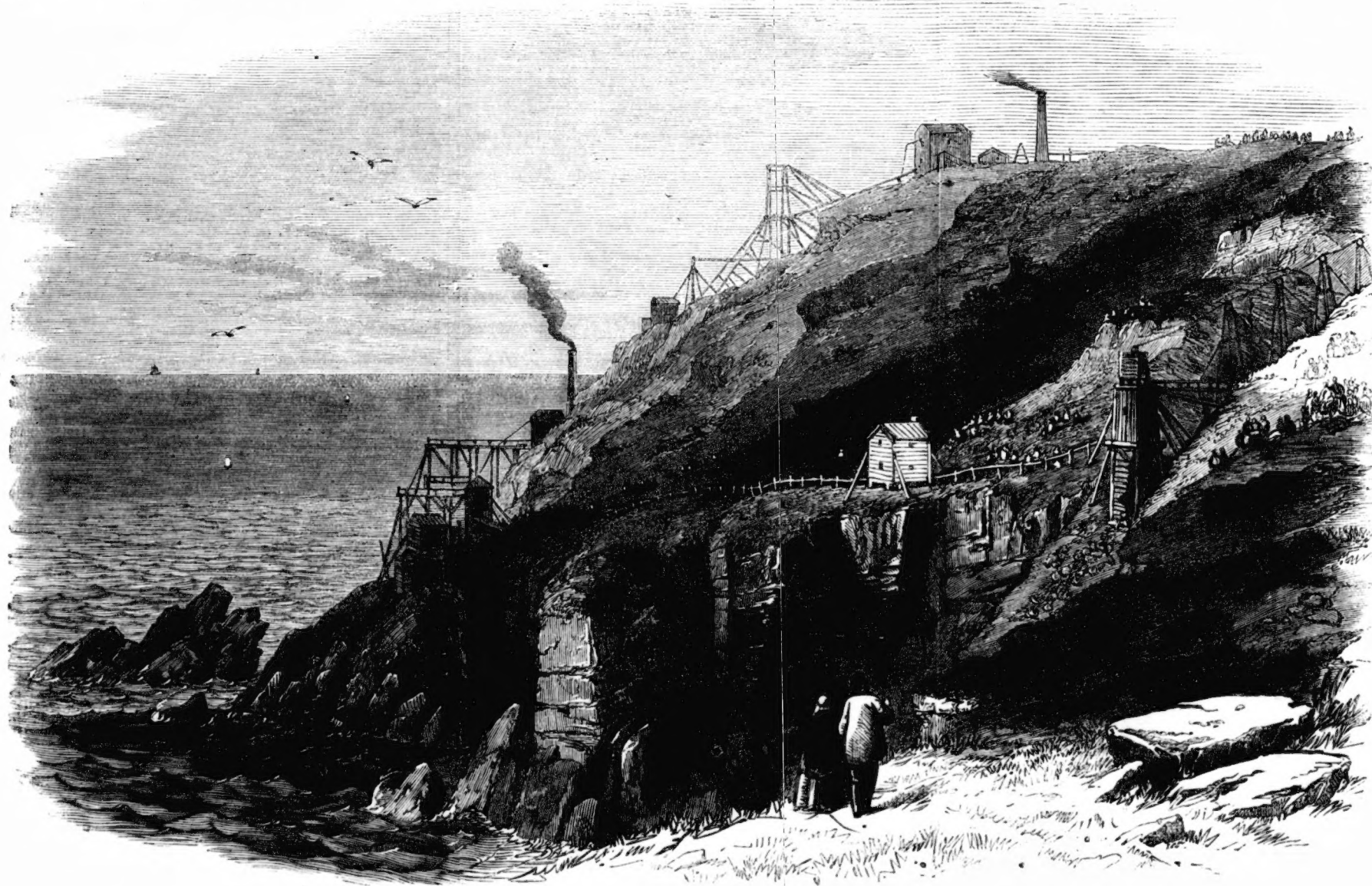
THE BOTALLACK MINE, CORNWALL.

In one of the wildest parts of Cornwall, and only a short distance from the Land's End, lies the far-famed Botallack tin and copper mine. It has been worked for upwards of a century, and during that time the various ramifications of shafts, levels, courses, and adits have been worked most profitably in the production of large quantities of tin and copper. Of this mine, which was lately the scene of a terrible accident, as mentioned in our last Number (see page 291), we this week print an Engraving, and add some descriptive particulars.

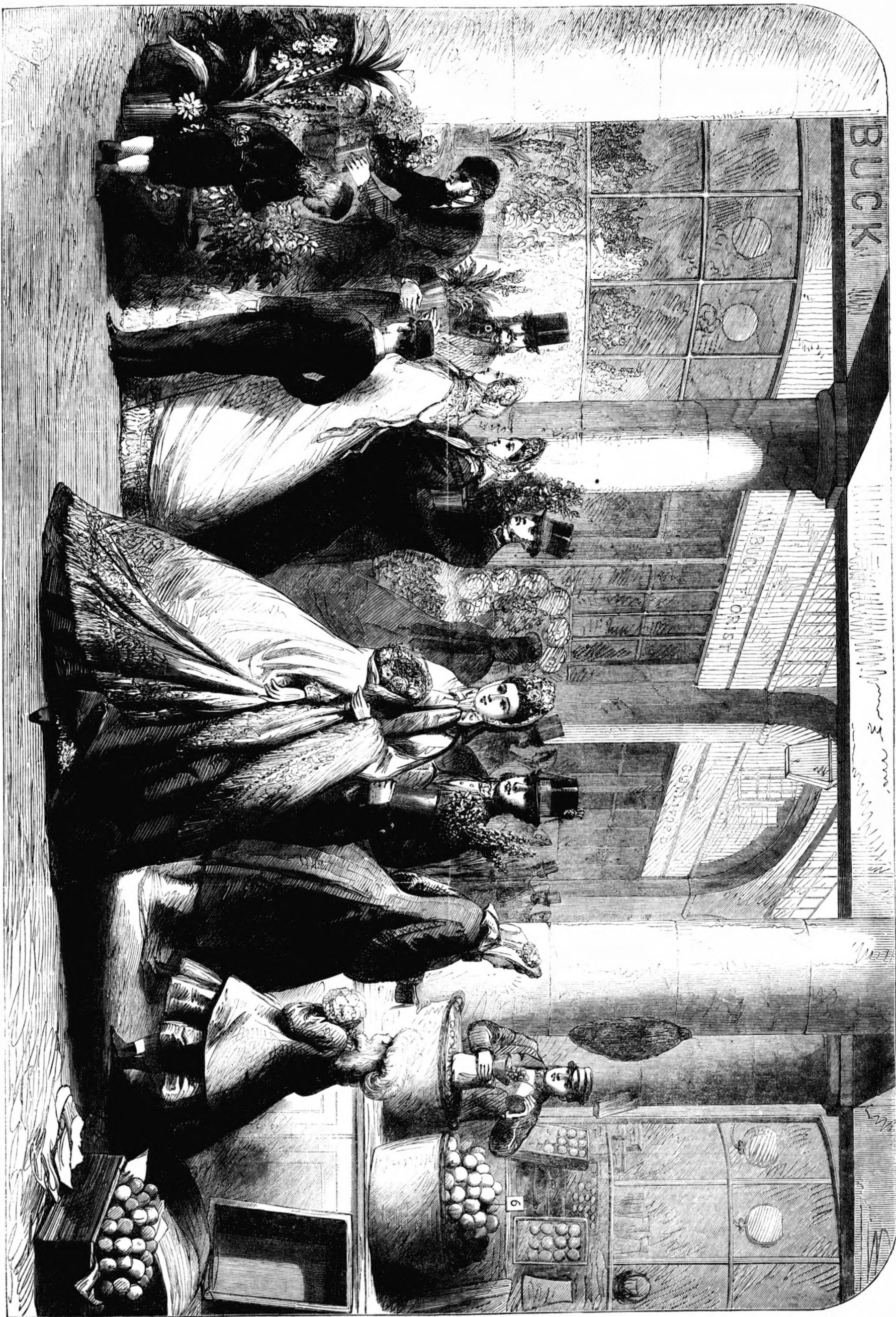
The mine has long been notorious for the extent and depth of its

workings; and, while it extends downwards to several hundreds of fathoms, in some parts the roaring of the sea and the tumbling of the boulders may be heard distinctly by the miner while at work. To obviate the difficulty of raising the ore in a perpendicular shaft, and to render the ascent and descent of the miner easier of accomplishment, a diagonal shaft has been constructed through the rock and soil, and extending seawards for about 400 fathoms. This is known as the Boscawen shaft. The incline is raised at an angle from the horizontal line of 32 deg., and is about 6 ft. high and 8 ft. wide throughout its entire length. The nature of the soil has rendered it necessary to make the

shaft a little bent in some parts, so that the tramway is not exactly straight. This tramway is laid down as far as the 192 fathoms' level, and on it runs what is called among the Cornish miners a "skip"—that is, a kind of carriage, generally made of cast steel or iron, for bringing the ore to the surface, for carrying materials down to the different levels, and for the conveyance of the labourers to and from their underground toil. This skip is connected by a chain to workings at the surface, and is wound round a large "cage," or drum, by steam power as the skip ascends. This cage is under the supervision of a man who is called a "minuter," who notifies, when the alarm-bell is



THE BOTALLACK MINE, CORNWALL.—THE SCENE OF THE LATE FATAL ACCIDENT.



THE FLOWER SEASON.—THE CENTRAL AVENUE, COVENT-GARDEN MARKET.

run, the proper time to stop the engine. This diagonal shaft occupied four years in excavating, and is a marvellous example of engineering skill, as well as of perseverance in its prosecution by the spirited adventurers. The ship at Botallack is of cast steel, weighing about a ton, and is about 2 ft. 6 in. high, and will hold eight or nine persons. It has a perfect arrangement of breaks under it, so that if the connecting chain snaps the breaks are self-adjusting, grasping the rail on each side, if the handle of the lever is out of the "catch," by which the ship is immediately stopped in its downward course. This break system is described by engineers as being very perfect. To secure a careful supervision of the adjustment of the lever of the breaks, there is a captain of the ship appointed with each company of miners ascending or descending. The neglect of this, and the breaking of the chain, would of course be the cause of a serious and fatal accident, as there is nothing to stop the ship from going down over the incline with fearful velocity. The strength of the connecting chain and a proper attention to the breaks are the two things necessary in the working of this part of the mine's operations, and must be attended to out of consideration for the safety of the lives of the miners.

The cause of the late accident was the breaking of the chain when the ship, containing a party of nine men, was at the 130-fathom level; and, as the men were so taken by surprise that the breaks were not applied, the ship ran down the incline at an immense velocity, with a trail of about three tons of chain after it. It passed the 160-fathom level, where another party of men were waiting to come up, so swiftly that the bewildered miners could only observe the mere shadow of the carriage, enveloped in a misty cloud. The miners, from the hot air being so disturbed, thought the mine was on fire. They immediately went up over the incline on foot to gain intelligence of their comrades, but it was quickly seen that the lives of the nine persons had been sacrificed. The ship went on its terrific downward course as far as the 190-fathom level, and having passed a "sollar" of woodwork, it reached the bottom of the shaft. It was soon ascertained that all the miners were killed. When found, the bodies were frightfully mangled, cut, bruised, and crushed, so much so that the disfigurement rendered it a matter of difficulty for persons to recognise the corpses of their relatives. The bodies were found in various parts of the shaft; four were found at the bottom, one partly in the ship—the latter of whom was fearfully crushed—and in other parts of the shaft the bodies of others were found, so that it is supposed that some of the unfortunate men must have slipped out over the ship, and may have been killed by the lashing of the chain from side to side of the shaft.

SPRING FLOWERS.

We all of us remember honest Tim Linkinwater's pride in the resources of London—in its convenience, its salubrity, and even in its flowers, which last were associated in his mind with a tender sentiment that might well make them dear to him.

Apart, however, from any but such general emotion as flowers will, somehow, naturally suggest the blooms which may now be seen on any market morning in London are one of the greatest of all street sights; while that centre arcade represented in our Engraving glows with such gorgeous hues and fresh, delicate tints as surely never could have brightened the ground on which it stands when it formed part of the old convent garden belonging to the abbey of Westminster. There, displayed in great baskets, are bushels of the humble flowers waiting to be distributed to the poor vendors who make them up into gay pennyworths, wallflowers being the most plentiful, as forming a good background of rich colour and possessing a powerful and lasting odour. As they come in in carts and are unpacked from the baskets, all bathed in the early morning dew, one is strongly impelled to bury his whole head in a truss of them and inhale deep draughts of fragrance, as an antidote to long days of wintry fog and nights of hot gaslight. A shilling judiciously expended would make the dingiest of "chambers" radiant with pure nature. These, however, are displayed around and at the entrance of that arcade to which later in the day many visitors will come. In the arcade itself the more delicate and costly blossoms are arranged; many of them, indeed, are now being formed into bouquets, the fresh leaves protected with cotton wool and covered with silver paper to preserve them from the dust. There, at that wonderful, shady shop on the right, nimble fingers, pliable, and as it would seem, velvet-tipped, are arranging such charming contrasts of colour as will tempt half-guineas and even guineas from the pockets of the lovers of nature and human nature who make that place their morning lounge.

Later in the day, and when many of the great stacks have disappeared from the carts and stalls in the open market, there will be a combination of beauties in this quiet, cool, dimly-lighted avenue, which would be difficult to discover on any other part of the habitable globe: vegetables—fresh, crisp, and green—arranged in tempting variety; fruit, glowing and golden-ripe and ruddy, peeping from between green leaves, or bursting out of shallow, or piled in rich pyramids and artfully careless heaps; flowers of every hue, from deepest purple to the lightest flesh tint lost in waxy white; sweet fresh faces of children, soft and blooming like peach and rose combined; fair women, made fairer by the uncertain light and the reflected hues of the bright blossoms over which they bend.

There are some few visitors there who have little of youth or beauty; let them be thankful that they can renew both by looking at both lovingly. There are in some of the windows wreaths of immortelles—poor memorial sprays not dead, but out of which the sap and colour of life have faded; there they hang amongst buds and blossoms, plucked amidst this morning's dew; but they have an office to fulfil, and it may be that they shall bring to some sorrowing spirit better and even brighter thoughts than their fair neighbours. There may be some of us in this London market who have outlived many of the joys, most of the friendships, of youth; let us look to it that we do not lose its honest purpose and its tender, loving memories.

THE COST OF OUR IRONCLADS.—From a return just issued we learn that the cost of the iron-plated ships since the *Warrior* has been as follows:—The *Black Prince*, £373,899; the *Resistance*, £257,848; and the *Defence*, £252,898. We may here state that the whole cost of the *Warrior*, before being ready for sea, is now known; it amounts to £377,373, the principal difference between the cost of the *Warrior* and that of the *Black Prince* being in the item of masts and yards, rigging and stores.

PROSPERITY OF INDIA.—Nothing is heard of throughout India but material progress. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal has given notice of an Exhibition of Agriculture and Industry to be held near his own house on the 18th of January next year, and that most useful and prosperous body, the Agricultural Society, has begun to make arrangements for it. Small exhibitions of the kind, but with no great success, have been held in Madras; but this is to be on a large scale. In respect of agricultural stock and implements the Hindoos are very far behind; they adhere tenaciously to the "custom" of their fathers in all things evil, so that not uniformly merely, but deterioration, marks their civilisation. Railways will now bring them in from all the rural districts, and an exhibition of the kind proposed must have some effect in teaching them. A great Imperial exhibition of all the products of our Indian Empire has been proposed to be held in the capital on Lord Elgin's return in 1864-5, but this is as yet merely an idea, and its realisation will depend on the success of the smaller display. Meanwhile the machinery in agricultural operations is spreading in Bengal. The steam-ploughs are most successful; steam-pumps, saw-mills, and indigo machinery are being introduced, and labour, now so scarce, will thus be economised.

THE METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.—A few days ago a small bluebook of fifty-eight pages, containing the report of Admiral Fitzroy for the past year, was issued. Applications for the cautionary signals were made in the past year from no less than fifty-four places on our coast. Evidence is given to show that the British notices which are sent daily to France are highly appreciated. Our neighbours, indeed, have commenced arrangements for a system of coast telegraphy for ordinary weather as well as for storms; and the Hanoverian Government have in view a similar organisation. Last autumn several cautionary notices of impending bad weather were sent through Heligoland to Hamburg, and even to Rostock, at the special request of Professor Dove; and lately inquiries about ice and probable cold weather telegraphed from Hamburg were answered so satisfactorily that a cargo of 800 tons was countermanded. Admiral Fitzroy ascribes the opposition which has been raised to the system to interested persons, of whom he proceeds to give some description. He says that as to the forecasts of weather the views of seafaring men, of the maritime population in general, of the Coastguard, and of her Majesty's officers in command are remarkably favourable.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

PUBLIC opinion is for once on Lord Cardigan's side. With few exceptions, the press pronounces favourably on his appeal against the charge of poltroonery brought by Colonel Calthorpe; and the military clubs have long since decided that, whatever may be his Lordship's faults, a lack of personal courage is not among them. Neither Lord Cardigan nor Colonel Calthorpe is popular in their profession. The former, from infirmity of temper and arrogance of bearing, has made himself abundant enemies; while the foppery and superciliousness of the latter when acting as Aide-de-camp to Lord Raglan are still quoted with disgust by many a grim old warrior. Hoispor himself was not more bitter in his description of the

certain Lord, neat, trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reaped,

than are the Crimean officers upon Colonel Calthorpe's "patent-leather boots" and general smartness of attire, at a time when such niceties were an insult to men half clad. If we add to this incongruous dandyism a brusque impertinence which, to quote the very words of one of the aggrieved, treated general officers "as if they were the dirt under his feet," we shall readily understand why the favoured nephew of the late Lord Raglan should be remembered as one who wielded offensively the "little brief authority" conferred upon him through his connection with the Commander-in-Chief. It is scarcely necessary to remind you that the gist of the libel complained of lies in this passage from the "Letters of a Staff Officer":—"As the excellence of Lord Cardigan's horsemanship is unquestionable, the idea that his horse ran away with him is no doubt erroneous. But it cannot be denied that he retired." This is the paragraph inserted in the second edition of Colonel Calthorpe's book, in acknowledgment of a remonstrance from Lord Cardigan, and is as like the midshipman's apology in Captain Marryat's novel as anything I have read. It was first asserted that his Lordship retreated prematurely, through his horse running away with him; and this was altered into a compliment to his equestrian skill at the expense of his personal courage. Various eyewitnesses impugn the fairness of this account, and testify that Lord Cardigan led his troop both in and out of the charge, and only retired simultaneously with his men. General Scarlett says:—"A few moments after this Lord Cardigan, coming, as far as I could see, from the direction of the battery, and with the retreating troops, rode up to Lord Lucan and myself. . . . I remember on the occasion pointing out to Lord Cardigan the broken remnants of his line as they were retiring up the hill." The *Examiner*, however, remarks that this requires explanation, and asks whether, when General Scarlett first saw Lord Cardigan coming, as he says, with the retreating troops, his Lordship was in advance or in the rear of them?

The giant placards on the walls announcing the new periodical, *The Mirror*, must remind many of us, now advancing into middle age and placid fogginess, of the old *Mirror*, which flourished more than twenty years ago, under the editorial guidance of Mr. John Timbs, and back volumes of which are still to be picked up at book-stalls. Brave old Mr. Timbs is still alive, utilising the result of a long life's reading and experience, when a new *Mirror*, utterly different from its predecessor in shape, size, and arrangement, courts the people's sixpences. Its first number lies before me. The first effect upon the mind of a purchaser is that he gets plenty for his money. An unsentimental traveller, when asked his impression of a pyramid, remarked that "it was very big;" and I can echo his words when speaking of *The Mirror*. Forty-eight quarto pages of closely-printed matter, including nearly five pages of foreign intelligence, seven of Parliamentary debates, and twenty-seven original articles on literary, social, and political subjects, make up a sixpennyworth which is, I think, unprecedented even in this age of cheap newspapers. Apart from mere size, I do not recognise any feature in this last candidate for popular favour sufficiently salient to call for comment. It has a "news-letter," much after the fashion of those written by the London correspondents of the best provincial papers; the foreign news is a condensation of the intelligence of the week; while the Parliamentary debates are prefaced and accompanied by a running commentary upon the look of the speakers and the aspect of the House. For the rest, the leaders and the reviews are of average ability; and if I do not predict for *The Mirror* a lasting success, it is because it appears to supply no existing want, rather than from any symptom of weakness it displays. If there is room for another journal, which is, after all, only an amalgam of the two types represented respectively by the *Spectator* of a year or two back and the *Saturday Review*, well and good; but if, as I suspect, the market is already overstocked, the name of *The Mirror* will have to be added to the catalogue of failures. Its editor is said to be Mr. Dallas, of the *Times*.

The *Spectator* brings a serious charge against the leaders of the Protestant Alliance. They have, it is said, by a series of petty persecutions and unfounded charges, hurried poor Mr. Turnbull into his grave. Since his resignation of the post he held in the Public Record Office he has been subjected to much mental anxiety, and when, on the 16th of last March, public allusion was made to some "missing documents," and he was inferentially accused of a breach of trust, the iron entered into his soul, and he never rallied from an illness in itself slight. The *Spectator* advances this on the authority of Mr. Turnbull's physician; but I would fain hope that there is some mistake or exaggeration, and that no section of the religious world can be charged with a systematic persecution which would better befit the Grand Inquisitor of Spain than English Protestantism in the nineteenth century.

The manager of the Royal Italian Opera seems to have looked upon the State visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Covent Garden on Tuesday last as an affair devised especially for his benefit, and in which the public had no right whatever to be considered. The ordinary frequents of the pit were ousted from their accustomed places, and the whole of the area was converted into stalls; but, as a sort of equivalent for this, the public were admitted on the evening in question into the much-be-puffed Floral Hall—so called from the paucity of flowers which it ordinarily displays—with the privilege of a back place on the stage after the termination of the performances, and all this for the moderate charge of a guinea per head!

As I understand it, the City Police Bill is in a state of suspended animation. It has been discovered that, according to standing orders, it ought to have been introduced in the form of a private bill. The matter is now before the examiner of private bills; and if he gives it as his opinion that the standing orders cannot be suspended, the bill must be withdrawn, and proceedings commenced *de novo*. But, in whatever form the measure may ultimately appear, its fate is doubtful. If it should come before the House as a private bill, of course it will have to go before a Committee upstairs, where a sturdy battle will be fought at an immense cost, and lasting over many weeks. Indeed, there seems now to be a strong probability that, somehow or other, the measure will be defeated. If it should get to a second reading as a public bill, it is very questionable whether Sir George will be able to carry it. The Conservatives can hardly do otherwise than make common cause with the Lord Mayor who fought Southampton so gallantly; whilst the Liberals certainly do not look upon the innovation with favour. If, on the other hand, it should go up stairs, it will argue bad management on the part of its enemies if they do not get it strangled there.

Mr. Gladstone has, as I foretold he would do, dropped the poor carriers who do not travel four miles an hour out of his licensing scheme. If he had carried this proposition, no poor person could henceforth have got a cast home from market, at the cost of a few pence, without subjecting the carter to a surcharge. It is wonderful to me that the Chancellor of the Exchequer could have dreamed of anything so absurd. I can only suppose that it was suggested by some cockney official who knows nothing of country life. Imagine Gladstone caught by a storm on a Welsh road, and taking shelter in a covered wagon. Here would be a pretty fix. If he gave the man a shilling, he would break his own law and render the man liable to a fine; if he gave the man nothing, what would the latter think of the liberality of the great Minister?

Neither is the club license safe; the subject will have to come before the House several times yet, and it is not at all improbable

that another division will be taken; and, if this should be done, I think the Government will be defeated. This, too, is a foolish tax. It will, if levied, produce very little—not more than £5000 at most—while upon the smaller clubs the tax will be a serious burden; for be it remembered that there are clubs scattered over the country very different to the palatial establishments in Pall-mall.

A curious and interesting Parliamentary return relative to the Established Church in Ireland has come into my hands. The paper shows that whereas, in 1834, the number of members of the Protestant Established Church was 853,160, in 1861 there were only 691,872. There was, therefore, in twenty-seven years, a decrease of 161,288. The return also tells us that the revenues of the Established Church were, in 1861, £580,418 12s. 3d., or over 16s. per head for every man, woman, and child in the Church. How much of this decrease in numbers is owing to emigration it is impossible to tell; but it must be remembered that the Protestants of Ireland are, as a rule, much better off than the Catholics. It is fair, therefore, to suppose that but few of the former, as compared with the latter, have emigrated.

I have just heard of an attempt upon the press of London which I think ought to be exposed. A person has within the last few days applied to several gentlemen known to be contributors to sundry respectable journals, requesting them to obtain the insertion of articles in vindication of the conduct of Russia to Poland, and intimating that, if the proposition were entertained, it would be made "profitable" for the party applied to. The overture was, in at least two instances within my knowledge, at once declined, as might have been expected by any one acquainted either with the individuals referred to or with the character of the conductors of the press in London generally. But this is not the worst of the matter. Persons who fancy that the journalists of this country can be bribed may safely be left to find out their mistake, as they very speedily will; but this agent used the name of one gentleman who had rejected his proposal as an introduction to another, without the slightest authority for so doing—nay, more, it was afterwards stated that the latter had agreed to write an article "cracking up Russia," and procure insertion for it in a leading weekly newspaper, when in point of fact he had explicitly declined to have anything whatever to do with the matter. Now, I have no objection to any man, party, or nation believing himself or itself to be the subject of calumnies which can be refuted taking whatever steps may be fairly within reach for accomplishing this object; but I do object to attempts at suborning the organs of public opinion through the medium of private personal applications—attempts as futile as they are insulting to those upon whom such overtures are obtruded.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE newcomer into the serial-publication world, the *Victoria Magazine*, is an unpretending-looking pamphlet of ninety-six pages, and with contents of average ability, without anything particularly striking or interesting. The most readable paper is one by Mr. Tom Taylor, on "The Great Actors of England in 1775," which is pleasantly and cleverly written, and which commences with an incident in Garrick's life which will be new to most readers. Mr. Hutton, in an article called "The Unspiritual World of Spirits," treats Mr. Home's book and the principles it advocates with a certain amount of quaint humour, but with more fairness than has hitherto been generally accorded to it. Mr. Nassau Senior's "Journal Kept in Egypt" might have been left undisturbed in his desk without great loss to mankind. To a certain clique Miss Christina Rossetti is a great poet. I call these lines from her contribution to the *Victoria*:

O, thou heart, broken for a little love!

Then love shall fill thy girth,

And love make fat thy dearth,

When new Spring builds new Heaven and clean new earth.

The symbol of love filling a heart's girth, and making fat a heart's dearth, is exquisite; and is not the last line sweetly intelligible?

The *Cornhill* has its continuations of "Romola" and "The Small House at Allington," and its usual allowance of padding. By far the most readable article in the number is one called "Revelations of Prison Life," evidently from the same hand which has already contributed somewhat similar experiences to the magazine. There is also an In Memoriam article on Sir James Outram, a paper on Chess, a good, graphic description of the Japanese Ambassadors' Journey from Jeddo to London, and a poem called "Maladetta," which is better than the usual *Cornhill* stamp. Another poem, "Homesick," is a mere refrain of the "May Queen."

Temple Bar has also its two serial tales, "John Marchmont's Legacy" and the "Trials of the Tredgolds," and its tribute likewise to the memory of Sir James Outram, in an article called "The Bayard of India." Mr. Sala sends two papers, one "On a Remarkable Dog," very humorous and quaint, the other on "Shows," more serious, and with a pleasant tribute to vanished days, when Albert Smith was in Piccadilly. Mr. Edmund Yates has a short essay on the "Social Position of Actors;" the other articles are of the usual quality.

Blackwood is ponderous. Sir Bulwer Lytton's prosings seem to get heavier and less readable each month. There is an honest eulogy on Umland, and a dishonest criticism on the Budget, the only salient papers in the number.

Good Words goes on exactly in the same fashion as ever: pleasant maunderings, piously pointed and feeble tales, with saintly characters. The best thing in the May number is a poem by Mary Howitt, cleverly illustrated by Mr. Tenniel.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The season has commenced, and theatrical managers, who were looking forward to it to repay them for many dreary months, are despondent, for business is dull and houses are empty. Sanguine people yet look forward to May to "pull things up;" but the streets and the parks are daily thronged, and it would seem doubtful if there will be more people in town than at present. DRURY LANE is closed: with its pantomime it did well; ever since then the struggle has been hopeless. Business at the LYCEUM is by no means what it was, and a change in the bill is imminent. The prestige seems to have vanished from the STRAND and the OLYMPIC; "Janet Pride" is revived, in place of "Aurora Floyd," at the ADELPHI; and until the arrival of the Keans (who are about to play a farewell engagement before starting for Australia) there will probably be no change at the PRINCESS'S. Whenever Mr. and Mrs. Wigan play they bring a certain entourage of fashion with them; but the lower-priced places in the "auditorium" of the HAYMARKET are anything but overflowing, despite the lovely panorama of the Holy Land, in parts of which Mr. Telbin's painting is of the best kind. The introduction to this panorama, written by Mr. Coyne, is very smart; and Mr. Braid's imitation of Mr. Charles Kean, though there is a little too much of it, is excellent. An imitation of Mr. Fechter, given by Mr. Coe, is simply absurd. The undying "Colleen Bawn" has been revived at the WESTMINSTER with success.

GARIBALDI AND PALMERSTON.—The *Correspondance de Rome* has an article entitled "Garibaldi and Palmerston." "The first of these two men," it says, "is not in our eyes worse company than the second. He is only less capable and less loaded with the horrible crimes for which history and God have terrible judgments. The filibuster with a red shirt says that the Pope is the 'ulcer' of Italy; the impatient octogenarian cries out at table that the Pope is the 'incubus' of Italy. Thus they are both rivetted to the same chair and serve the same master. This makes us hope for a more complete vengeance."

PISCICULTURE.—Mr. Alfred Smee finds the French system of pisciculture "absolutely perfect." The plan consists in placing the ova on a gridiron of glass, where they remain with a jet of water passing over them till the young fish are hatched. "Any number of fish may be hatched at a cost and trouble almost nominal, for I do not think that I lost five per cent this year of good eggs subjected to the process. Much, however, has still to be learnt with respect to the treatment of the young fry, for it is still a debatable question whether we should place them in small streams full of weeds and animal-culc—their natural food—or cram them, as the French recommend, with the flesh of frogs or powdered bullock's liver. I adopt the former plan, but am not so confident as to its superiority as to consider it the sole good treatment of these delicate juveniles."

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE LONG RECKONING.

(Continued from page 299.)

CHAPTER XIX.

When at first she beheld in the distance an ordinary boat towing the dolphins, a qualm came over her, and she thought all sorts of dreadful things. But soon she recognised the stalwart figure, and then her qualms changed to surprise and curiosity.

"Why are the dolphins deserted, and what is the figure huddled in the bottom of the boat? Have you been playing good Samaritan to a fisherman in a fit?"

"Not exactly. I have just had a naval engagement. This boat is a capture of war; I am the prize crew; and the figure in the bottom of the boat is the enemy's killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. Little as you might think it, that chapfallen bravo has made a couple of attempts on my life within the last twelve hours, and I have brought him here to see if you can identify him."

"Me identify him? That does not seem very likely!" said Lady Julia, looking down, nevertheless, with candid curiosity at the ghastly yellow face.

"Many things that do not seem likely happen all the same, Lady Julia; and, indeed, I have lately begun to think one thing is as likely as another. I am going to ask you a few unlikely questions, if you will allow me?"

"As many as you please," said Lady Julia, looking up with an expression intended to be frank and open. It reminded him curiously of the expression of a certain pretty Irishwoman, when she kissed the book and said "So help me, God," at the Balderland Assizes before last where Strensal had been foreman of the Grand Jury. It was a case of rickburning, and a true bill was found, principally on the woman's statement, which was very clear and circumstantial. On the trial, however, it turned out that the statement was one mass of perjury from beginning to end, and the real culprit was the woman's lover, who had a grudge against the man first implicated.

"You look as if you thought I had had a hand in these attempts on your life," added Lady Julia, laughing. The laugh, considering the circumstances under which it was produced, was not a bad work of art; but a work of art it was, and Strensal, though he mechanically followed suit and laughed faintly also, thought it might as well have been left alone.

"Not quite so bad as that, for you put me on my guard; nay, it is probably to you I owe the preservation of my life," Lady Julia looked a little perplexed, and he fancied she took the double allusion, and hesitated for fear of admitting too much.

"Yes, I warned you—at the opera."

"At the opera—as distinguished from another more practical occasion, when you not only warned me but put me on my guard."

Lady Julia shook her head. "There you go beyond my knowledge."

"You do not know who gave me this bruise?" removing the hair from it.

"No; how should I? It looks very black; does it hurt much? How should I know? unless it was this man who, you say, attacked you twice."

"When he strikes it is with the sharp end of a knife, not with the blunt end of a boat-hook." He was looking straight into her eyes, and there was certainly a nervous flicker at the mention of the weapon with which the blow was inflicted. However, she quickly made up her countenance into a pretty little air of impatience, and said:

"It is very cruel to keep me on the tenterhooks of curiosity with these mysterious detached questions, as if I were a witness whom it was desirable to discredit on a criminal trial, when I am dying to know your adventures from beginning to end, and when I gave you the warning which you say brought you safe out of them."

Thus appealed to, Strensal began his narration with the latest event, and, after the sea-fight, described the land encounter of over night.

"But where were you coming from at such an hour as a quarter to five in the morning? You do not usually get up so early as that, and Lord Gaveloch is not, by your account, an early riser."

"Extremes of late and early meet about that o'clock in the morning; but I was late, not early, having never been to bed."

"And where did Lord Gaveloch say he had been?"

"That I did not ask him, as I did not tell him where I had been."

"But you will tell me?"

"Yes, if you assure me in serious good faith that you do not know already."

"How should I know?"

"Nay, I do not pretend to know how you should, or whether you should or should not; but if you tell me in plain words that you do not know, I will tell you."

"I know nothing whatever about your goings or doings after the opera."

"Well, that is explicit." And then he briefly related his adventure with the young fisherman, with a few slight but important omissions.

The manner of listening to this was carefully modelled on the real interest she had shown in the preceding narrations of the subsequent adventures. But there was a tendency to misunderstand the circumstances, and to establish an antecedent ignorance of their drift by falling into divergent suggestions. However, it might be that this part of the story was more complicated with less intelligible incidents.

"It certainly is a mysterious adventure, and I see no explanation of it unless the men were a pair of thieves who had quarrelled about the division of booty. But the strangest part of it seems to me that you should have gone to sleep in a boat left loosely moored by some person unknown, whom you had seen come ashore at a suspicious hour."

"I had my reasons for waiting in the boat, though they did not apply to going to sleep in it. But the young fisherman showed unmistakable signs of being in fear of his life, and expecting me to protect him from the pursuer. It was not natural that he should be less afraid of me, on whom he had just committed a robbery with violence, than of an angry confederate, with whom, sooner or later, he must come to terms. That young fisherman seemed to know me, and to fear I might recognise his voice if he spoke above a whisper. His whole behaviour pointed to mere fear of recognition, as far as I was concerned. And this, coupled with a most singular and striking resemblance (for I had seen his features in the moonlight as clearly as I see yours at this moment), impressed my mind at the time with the firmest conviction that, in very different guise, I had seen the face before and knew it well. It was not the face of a *paisano*; it had all the characteristics of birth and education."

"Surely it could not be Lord De Vergund himself! He would never venture. Besides, if the assassin be his tool—No! Who did you think it was? Whose features did the young fisherman's so strongly remind you of?"

Lady Julia saw it was inevitably coming to this, and thought it better to choose her own moment that she might be prepared to meet the announcement.

"The features reminded me of yours, and I was most firmly persuaded that the disguised person was no other than yourself."

"Good Heavens! Me?" cried Lady Julia, with horrified astonishment in her looks and accents; and she rose with an air of outraged innocence and offended dignity. "Really, Mr. Strensal, I am at a loss how to thank you for the frank expression of your too-flattering opinion of me. It is especially grateful to me, after being weak enough last night to treat your good thoughts, and when I am encumbered by the weight of gratitude for your having taken my part. Oh! is this generous and kind of you—you, whom I believed so full of kindness and generosity? I could not have believed that you could entertain such unworthy suspicions."

"Nay, Lady Julia; far from desiring to entertain suspicions, I came here with the utmost anxiety to disprove the unwilling testimony of my senses, and to ask you, whose image the inferences of that testi-

mony connected with such incredible circumstances, to assist me in dispelling the illusion."

"And have I not assured you that, from the time of your leaving the theatre till your coming in here just now, I knew nothing of what had happened to you? And did you not continue to cross-question me, and to look at me with suspicious eyes? Nay, even now, you seem unconvinced. What have I done to deserve that you should doubt my word? Oh! I must indeed be low in your estimation. And I—I have not the courage to be as indignant as I should be when—I think of my obligations to you—and the value I set upon your friendship."

Lady Julia faltered in the latter part of this appeal, and there were tremulous tones in the voice which indicated the near approach of tears. Strensal felt as if his heart had been pounced upon by a whole flight of vultures with wonderfully sharp talons and greedy beaks. He felt that he was an inhuman monster, a skulking spy, a torturing inquisitor; he pitied poor Lady Julia, who had the great advantage of looking extremely lovely in her pathetic distress. He longed to take her to his heart and declare himself *addictus jurare in verba magistree*; to accept her innocence and truth on trust, and reject every obstacle of untoward evidence that threw cold shadows of doubt between them.

But he remembered, in the whirl of his emotions, that he had come there, not to be hurried into a blind declaration of his passion, but to resolve his doubts by a definite investigation; and he was a man (*tenax propositi*) not easily diverted from his purpose.

"Lady Julia," he said, "I think you understand me well enough to know that my interest in you is deeper than idle curiosity, and that I have no desire to be impertinently inquisitive. I may be altogether unwarranted in avowing the depth and seriousness of that interest. Still, however rashly, I avow it; and I set it before you as my excuse, if there be any excuse, for pursuing these delusions to their explosion and utter dissipation. I would willingly believe them dreams; but hard facts have left a mark upon my waking sense which words can no more remove than this black bruise could be charmed away from my forehead by assertions that no blow had ever been inflicted. You have feelingly expressed the pain which arises from the conscious impotence of verbal evidence to confute the evidence of things seen, and heard, and touched. But if I were to tell you you hold in your hand a bodily tangible fact, by showing me which you can annihilate my prepossessions and recind my former conviction, tell me, would you open your hand, and say 'See with your eyes, and believe by sight what you could not see by faith;' or would you say, 'Go! and carry your haunting doubts with you?' Would you show me I had doubted unjustly, or leave me to think I might have been justified in doubting?"

"What would a man say to his friend who doubted his word and asked him for evidence? What would you say to Lord Gaveloch if you told him one of these adventures you have related to me, and he said 'It sounds unlikely?'"

"I should say, 'Does it seem more likely that I should tell you what is untrue?' and if he said it did, I should have to pitch into him. And why? 'It sounds unlikely' is not strong enough evidence to contradict my assertion upon. If, on the other hand, he were to say 'My dear fellow, I am very sorry to dispute your word for it, but I really think you must have been dreaming, for during the whole time you say you were so occupied, I saw you asleep in the armchair, and you had drunk half a bottle of brandy before you went to sleep, and during your nap you started and struggled, and did all sorts of extravagant things.' Why, in that case, I should rub my eyes and compare notes, and bring any evidence I had at hand to bear upon my version of the conflicting testimony."

"I wish I had any evidence to convince you, I would open my hand; I wish I could open my heart and let you see the truth down in its depths."

"Do you open your hand, then?"

"I do," said Lady Julia, and, at any rate, she opened and extended for his inspection a delicate pink palm and taper fingers. As he took it with a light provisional touch of acceptance, and led her into the grotto, he felt the taper fingers tremble slightly. He knelt by the iron ring, and drew the prow of the boat towards him by the chain. The light was too dim in the recess for his purpose. He took out his matchbox and struck a wax lucifer. A sputter and a momentary dazzle was succeeded by a clear, small flame, and Strensal, with a deep-drawn sigh, looked up at Lady Julia, and put his finger to the five-pointed star.

"What does it mean?" said Lady Julia, bending down with a guilty shudder and a glare of vague dismay.

"That is the mark I traced by moonlight last night on the prow of the boat I found moored at the Mergellina end of the Villa Real. I did it before I had made up my mind to stay in the boat. You will not ask me to disbelieve the evidence of my senses now."

Lady Julia had turned deadly pale, and staggered back giddily to the stone-hewn seat, on which she sank in a crouching attitude, and covered her face with her hands. She did not faint, however. The labouring heart sent back the shrinking tide with a vehemence that suffused her neck and forehead, as well as the hidden features, with the burning flush of anger and shame.

CHAPTER XX.

It was not in Lady Julia's nature to succumb to unavailing regret or resentment when there was anything to be done. There was nothing now to be made of Strensal personally, and he ceased to be the first figure in her canvas; but there was no saying as yet how important it might be to avoid unnecessary hostility on his part, in turning the fragments of her broken-down machinations to the best account. It is possible that her natural impulses might have urged her to violent paroxysms of vituperation, followed up by weeping and hysterics. She did not give way to any weaknesses of the sort. She rose, removed her hands from her face, and said, in a quiet, business-like tone,

"That is over. It is no use saying any more about it. I should have done better to confess the truth when it could have been done with a better grace. I was within a hairsbreadth of doing so when I had you bound and the knife to your breast; but I thought it would be fatal to be discovered in such a situation, and I resolved to resist discovery to the last. I see now that I am more irreparably disgraced in your opinion by the falsehoods I have spoken than the impudence they were meant to conceal. I need scarcely tell you that I suspected something, and went to spy out Lady Ulicia's delinquencies, when I saw this man come to Lord De Vergund's private entrance."

"Did you see him go in?"

"No. But nearly an hour afterwards I saw him come out, and you know how he pursued me. If he had overtaken me before I could reach the boat, I should not be alive to establish the connection between Lord De Vergund and the inefficient instrument of his revenge. Last time you let him go free. This time we will have a full confession out of him at least. Will you lend me the knife you took from him? or are you afraid to trust so desperate a character with weapons?"

"Here it is; but what are you going to do with it?" said Strensal, who had some sort of vague idea that she might be about to use it after the manner of Othello.

"You shall see!" She went out of the grotto and stepped aboard the boat, in the bottom of which Salvatore still lay groaning. She stooped over him, and opened the knife with a sharp metallic snap near his ear. The man opened his eyes.

"Confess quickly, or now I kill thee, *sceleratone!*" she said, presenting the blade to his throat. You were seen last night to enter the palazzo of the English Marchese, and on issuing you attempted two homicides. *Cinies!* What reward for your bloody task did the Marquis offer you? Confess! and your life shall be spared. Refuse or equivocate, and you die." She drew the knife's edge gingerly across his throat. To Strensal this appeared a childish threat; but to the man who was accustomed to look on killing and wounding as an everyday occurrence, and who saw before him a man he had twice attempted to kill so recently, it seemed a much more practical suggestion, especially in the state of physical agony to which he was reduced.

"Three thousand ducats for the Signore and a thousand over the bargain for the marinarello. I tell the truth. Have pity!"

"And now, Mr. Strensal, what do you propose to do in this matter? Will you pursue it? And, if you do, is it probable that the law (such law as exists in the kingdom of Naples) will bring Lord De Vergund to condign punishment? If he cannot be destroyed, I would not meddle with it. If I was sure of his condemnation to some disgraceful sentence, such as penal servitude for a term of years, I would face the shame of giving evidence on his trial. You know something of law. I have no right to ask you for your advice; but I should be the witness in your case who alone could establish Lord De Vergund's connection with the instrument of his villany, and before I consent to give my evidence I must know what you think of the chances of obtaining justice."

"I am only moderately acquainted with English law, and know nothing of Neapolitan courts. If the nature of the quarrel, the indignities I inflicted, the visit of the ruffian to his house at dead of night, immediately followed by attacks on the two persons against whom the quarrel had given him probable incentives to revenge, were satisfactorily made out, he might in England be convicted of being accessory before the fact to an assault, with intent to do grievous bodily harm; but, as the ruffian did not succeed in doing the grievous bodily harm, and as, after all, the evidence of Lord De Vergund's complicity, though clear enough to us, is, in strictness, conjectural, and as we are not in England, I should be very sorry to implicate you in any such affair, or indeed myself either. In England I might feel bound by duty to my country, but I am not bound to proselytise the kingdom of the Two Sicilies in the cause of public security. I think it a wiser course to get out of it. I shall start by this afternoon's steamer. I regret that I should have been precipitated into the midst of your private complications."

"It is my turn to ask you to have pity. If you pass over these wretched complications without legal reprisals, will you have sufficient kindness and consideration for me (unworthy as I may be of either) to pass them over in silence? I am not honest enough to be trusted myself, but I am not so utterly false as to be unable to trust the word of an honest man. Will you keep what you know of my indiscretion and Lord De Vergund's villany locked up in your breast for ever? Promise me this, I implore you. I can offer you no gratitude that is worth your acceptance. I cast myself at the feet of your mercy and generosity."

"I am bound in honour already, Lady Julia. I should not know what you ask me to keep secret unless at least some part of your confidence had already been voluntarily reposed in me. I owe you an apology for allowing my unauthorised curiosity to lead me into further intrusion. What I have learnt since, against your will, is included under the same seal of implied confidence, for the joint result is so intermixed as to make it impossible to reveal any part without a virtual breach of trust. I give you my word of honour to keep your secret. As to Lord De Vergund's, Gaveloch, as I told you, found me with the man on the ground last night, and this morning when I sent a note to tell Lord De Vergund I was going away, in case he might have any last words, the messenger came back and said there was no answer from the Marquis, in Gaveloch's presence. He suspected something, and I had to put him off as well as I could."

"Lord Gaveloch will have his own reasons for not being too communicative about the misdeeds of the De Vergund family. Hark! there are voices coming this way. It is my father and Lord Gaveloch."

"If you have quite done with Mr. Strensal, my dear Julia, Gaveloch is come to take him away."

"I have quite done with him," said Lady Julia.

"I am sorry you cannot stay over the wedding, but Gaveloch tells me urgent county affairs—poor old Phil Barnsdale! Hello! what's the matter with that fellow in the boat? Is he drunk? What is he groaning at? Is he your boatman, Strensal?"

"No!" said Strensal, looking at Lady Julia, "I was his rather."

"He is an ill-conditioned vagabond, who was rash enough to be insolent to Mr. Strensal, and attempted to run down the indiarubber boat; and Mr. Strensal was obliged to knock him down."

"Ill-conditioned vagabond! Why, it's Salvatore; about the greatest scamp unhung."

"What! do you know the man, papa? What is he? How do you happen to know him?"

"How do I know him? What is he? What is he not? Salvatore, you rogue, what do you mean by coming here? Get up and begone!"

"Eccellenza, I would with the greatest pleasure, but I cannot move, *aggia pietà!* The Signor has broken my bones."

"And served you right, too. I must send a man to take this fellow away. Good-by, my dear boys, if you are gone; but I shall be back in a moment."

Lady Julia followed her father into the house, saying first to Strensal, "I must not forget the packet you were good enough to promise to take to England for me. If you are going back by Lord Gaveloch's carriage, it will take you a few minutes to fold up the dolphins."

"So this worthy man has been at it again," said Gaveloch. "If I had not caught your eye and seen that you depended on Lady Julia to answer for you I should have made an exclamation about last night's interview with him."

"That was as well left alone. I had a much more dangerous bout with him this time than last; but he has had enough to keep him out of mischief this time till we are out of his reach," said Strensal, trampling the wind out of his boat and disjoining the framework.

By the time the boat was packed and on the way to the carriage Lady Julia appeared with a small, heavy parcel, directed to Mdlle. Josephine De Monteau, No. 17, Rue de Grenelle, Paris.

"Here is the little present for my old governess. If you can remember it as you pass through Paris, ask the commissionaire of your hotel to get a receipt when he delivers it." And a moment or two after, when there was an opportunity, she added, in a lower tone, "It is your watch and things."

"You will soon be in Paris yourself, will you not, Lady Julia?" said Lord Gaveloch. "I think I heard Lord Tintagel say he should be there within a month or so."

"Perhaps I may; but I go to Florence with Lady De Vergund, by sea. My father and Lady Ulicia go by Gaëta, Rome, and Perugia. Perhaps we may meet in Florence."

"Perhaps we may," said Lord Gaveloch, musingly; "in Paris, at any rate, or in London," he added, waking up to a perception that she might be talking, not of meeting him, but joining her father after the honeymoon. "There is De Vergund's carriage coming down the drive," and he went forward, leaving Strensal and Lady Julia to follow alone.

"If Lady De Vergund takes charge of you, will her son accompany her?"

"It is not very probable; but if he does, I am no longer afraid of him. I have something over his head now that will keep him on his good behaviour." There was something fiendish in the hard, cruel smile with which she said this, and Strensal congratulated himself inwardly that the chances of the last day or two had not thrown this amiable creature into his arms. "Who knows what may happen?" she added. "I have given up all better and happier hopes of myself. Perhaps I may devote the rest of my life to torturing my enemy. How do you do, dearest Ulicia? Lord De Vergund, you look nervous." And well he might, for he had been trembling in his slippers all the morning, not venturing to take any step one way or the other; and when his mother had summoned him to go with the carriage, partly from a gnawing anxiety to hear the worst and partly from fear of doing anything unusual to attract suspicion, he had come to the Villa Tendaglia. "What is the matter, Lord De Vergund? You look as if you saw Banquo's ghost! That is only Mr. Strensal; he is not yet one of the departed, for he is just departing." The ladies were out by this time. Gaveloch had been in time to hand out Lady Ulicia; and as he did so he whispered, "Florence or Paris?"

"Paris," she replied.

Lord Tintagel came out in a bustle between welcoming the coming and speeding the parting guests—with a sense of discomfort in not having got rid of Salvatore.

"Has any one come to look after that boat?" he asked.

"No, papa; Lord De Vergund will go down with me and see to it."

"What boat?" said Lord De Vergund, with a look of alarm. He was very nervous.

"Oh, you shall see when you get there. Good-by, Mr. Strensal; good-by, Lord Gaveloch." There was a general shaking of hands. The young men got into their carriage, and drove away. The ladies went into the house with Lord Tintagel; and Lady Julia took Lord De Vergund's arm as if he belonged to her, and walked him down towards the Triton's Grotto. As they passed through the orange-grove, she stopped at a well-remembered spot.

"You paid me a very indifferent compliment over-night to offer only a thousand ducats for my life when you valued Banquo's at three thousand."

"Valued what? Offered whom?"

"Whom?—Salvatore, of course! What?—Our lives, or rather our deaths, in ducats. But you did not select a man quite strong enough or handy enough for the job; nor, I may add on my own account, swift enough of foot. I outran him. Mr. Strensal knocked him down with the knife in his hand over night, and this morning, when he tried his luck by water, Mr. Strensal brought him here lying in the bottom of his boat groaning and gasping with some of his ribs broken. He has not had courage for a Neapolitan; but he confessed your little arrangements. And now what do you think of yourself?" The last question fell on an inattentive ear, for the Marquis, whose physique was feebly organized, had sat down on a seat and proceeded to tumble off in a fainting-fit. Lady Julia's face, as she watched him through the convulsive grimaces of his swoon, which had a few hysterical if not epileptic symptoms, would have made a good study of an evil angel who had just been put in possession of a bankrupt soul in process of summary ejection from its earthen tenement.

(To be continued.)

THE

MEMORIAL OF THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

The following is the ceremonial to be observed on the 10th of June at uncovering the memorial of the Exhibition of 1851, the statue of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, in the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal family. The guests invited to take part in the procession will assemble (by invitation card only) at the west dome of the international building. Whilst assembling military bands will play. The Royal party will arrive at four o'clock precisely, and will be received by the executive committee of the memorial committee, who will conduct their Royal Highnesses to a reserved place on the platform, under the western dome. Their Royal Highnesses will then proceed down the nave to a balcony over the southern entrance of the Royal Horticultural Gardens, and their arrival will be announced by a flourish of trumpets. "God Save the Queen" will be played by three military bands united in the ante-garden. The council of the Royal Horticultural Society will then present an address and receive a reply. Military bands will again play. After which the executive committee of the memorial committee will read a short address and receive a reply. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will order the uncovering of the memorial, which will be announced by a flourish of trumpets and a salute of artillery, after which military music will be performed and the fountains will play. The Royal party, headed by the procession, will then walk round the gardens, stopping at various points to see the memorial and the garden. The line of the procession will be

marked by barriers and banners, and it is requested that during the procession the spectators will remain stationary. In the event of rain, the line of procession will keep under the cover of the arcades. The exhibition building will be thrown open to the visitors to the garden. The details of the procession will be made public as soon as possible.



THE LONG RECKONING—LADY JULIA LEARNS THAT HER SECRET IS DISCOVERED.

RECEPTION OF ADDRESSES BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

On Wednesday, the 22nd, and Wednesday, the 29th ult., their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales received deputations to present addresses of congratulation on their marriage, at Marlborough House, Pall-mall. On the first-mentioned occasion, addresses were presented from the Corporation of London, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the Corporations of Edinburgh and Dublin, and the Church of Scotland. Precedence was given to the various bodies represented in the order named; and it seems that considerable dissatisfaction has been caused in Dublin by the fact that the deputation from the Scottish metropolis obtained precedence of that from the Irish capital. The arrangement of giving the *pas* to Scotland, and placing Dublin in the third rank of civic bodies, is said to have been the result of a decision of Garter King-at-Arms. The Scotch, it appears, made great efforts to secure this point (a matter of vast importance truly!); and it is said that the Lord Provost of Edinburgh "brought up his State coach to London" for the occasion, and much comment has been made upon the fact that the seven carriages conveying the Scotch deputation made a finer show than the Irish procession, which was rather small and shabby. We sincerely hope that no case of "injustice to Ireland" or "Scotch grievance" will arise out of this weighty matter, and that the names of their Royal Highnesses will not be mixed up in a paltry squabble about precedence between the civic dignitaries of the two provincial capitals. To each of the addresses presented the Prince returned suitable answers, while the Princess handed to the heads of the various deputations her answers to their addresses, but did not read them.

It was subject of universal remark on the 22nd ult. how well the Princess looked, and how becomingly she bore herself in the—to her—unwonted ceremonial in which she was called upon to take part. Her Royal Highness wore a tight-fitting dress of a rich mauve-coloured silk, and a delicately-worked lace pelerine, which had more the appearance of a cape than a collar, with a single costly diamond brooch on her breast. The sleeves of the dress were large and open, and richly worked in lace, falling from the elbow, somewhat after the fashion seen in the pictures of some of the Tudor Princesses. A pleasing incident occurred during the attendance of the Cambridge deputation. After the addresses were read and their answers had been received, the Prince called the Vice-Chancellor to him and inquired for the Bible and Prayer-book which he was to receive from the University. The books were not in the room, but were sent for and brought in, after some slight delay, by two Masters of Arts, in a handsome polished case, ornamented with the Prince of Wales's feathers in gold. The Prince caused the case to be opened in the presence of a large part of the deputation, though the Vice-Chancellor and the foremost part of the procession had withdrawn, and directed the attention of the Princess to them with evident pleasure and satisfaction. The Bible and Prayer-book were printed at the University Press, and were magnificently bound, embossed, and clasped.

BRIDAL PRESENT TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES.—A sapphire and diamond Holbein, which the ladies of Bristol are about to present, through the Duchess of Beaufort, to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, was exhibited on Friday and Saturday, at the Guildhall, and was viewed by a large number of citizens. The jewel will be accompanied by an appropriate address from the pen of Mr. Commissioner Hill, which has been beautifully engrossed on vellum by Miss Frupp, of Rutland. The casket which is to encase the jewel is composed of oak, taken from that grand old ecclesiastical pile, St. Mary Redcliffe.



ARRIVAL OF THE CIVIC DEPUTATION TO PRESENT ADDRESSES OF CONGRATULATION FROM THE CORPORATION TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

LIKE A BULL AT A GATE.

"He prayeth best who loveth best both man
And beast." Well, let us all love as we can:
Truth, first of all. Now, to the present bard,
To have to love a tapeworm does seem hard;
Or this parochial patriot. Man and beast?
But let us love them separately, at least!
The oracle's irrelevant when we've got,
As here, both man and beast in one bad lot,
Beast-man, man-beast—the brute in the man's place,
With just enough of man to make him base,
As well as brutal. Vestry orator!
We know your pig-wit and your bullock-roar,
And most distinctly hate them both and you.
Bellow at honest gates, and butt them, do!
Come, here's a china-shop, won't you walk in?
The more you break, you know, the more the din!
And the kind gods, who gave you that sweet voice,
Reward you, in some Paradise of Noise,
If you should hurt your knuckles on that baize!—
Your poet hates, you see, and yet he prays.

DARWIN! observe at what an obvious rate
This creature seems to differentiate:
It is a bull, and there, too, is the gate!—
What, on the other side? . . . The furious fool!
Not so aggressive now, he's a pig-bull;
Then, by-and-by, more obstinate, less big,
He sinks to a mere wallower and pig,
That cocks its Gadarene snout with grunting joy.
Last, he's a cheaply-purchasable toy,
Which, being of itself entirely dumb,
Squeaks at the will of anybody's thumb.

Now, these things are a parable. Selfish strength
To simple obstinacy turns, at length,
And, in its last decays, cannot but chuse
To be a thing for other folks to use.
That's natural selection. What is force?
The instrument of a noble will. Divorce
The lower from the higher, it will find
Another master suited to its mind—
Ah! do not ask his name; but no Lamarck
Develops him; and his complexion's dark—
That One Big Bully who, accursed, disgraced,
Threatens, calls names, and hits below the waist.
W. B. RANDS.

THE PROCESSION AT VERSAILLES FOR
THE BENEFIT OF THE FRENCH COTTON
WORKERS.

OUR Engraving represents the recent cavalcade
organised for the purpose of making a collection on
behalf of the French cotton hands who are sharing
the sufferings of their English brethren in conse-
quence of the scarcity of the raw material. The
entire cavalcade at Versailles was, of course, organised
to represent the period of Louis XIV., and, as a
spectacle of "the return from the chase," was as
complete as even the French genius for dramatic
effect could render it. What is even of greater
importance, the collectors realised a considerable sum
for the alleviation of the distress of their poorer
countrymen.

THE VALUE OF FRESH AIR.

SANITARY work is not necessarily doing some
great thing, but consists more in prompt and efficient
attention to small matters. Fresh air is the best
disinfectant; but most people, even in England, treat
fresh air as if it were an evil. We shut it out of our
houses by day, and confine foul air in our rooms by
night, especially during the time we use them for
sleep.

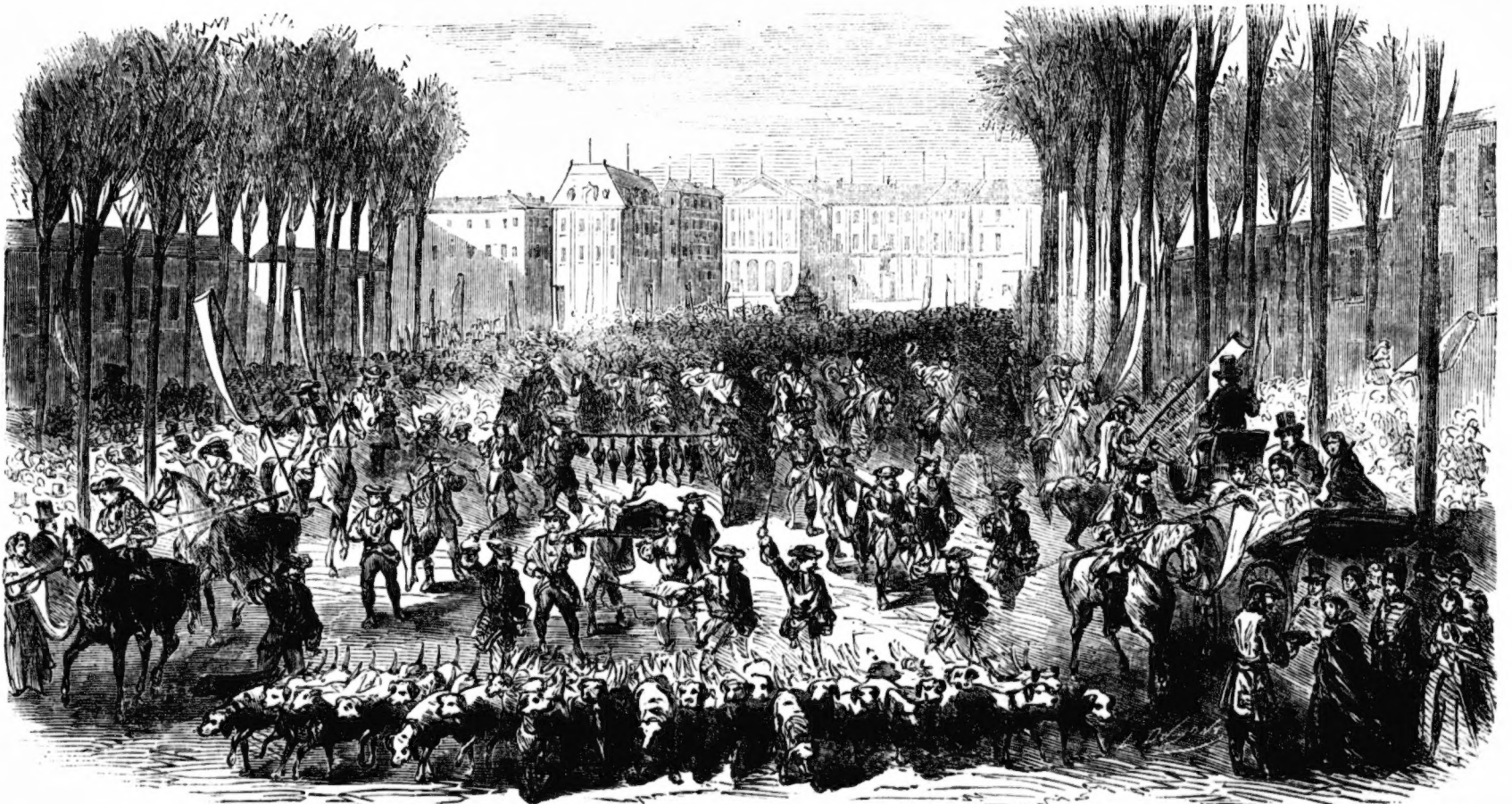
An invalid takes a carriage airing with closed
windows; such a ride is, however, in truth, a carriage
poisoning. If an open carriage cannot be used on
any day in the year with safety, the individual had
better not use a carriage; and no room should be
occupied which has not an unceasing flow of fresh
air through it—not necessarily a draught, but motion.
Open flues, open doors, or open windows admit of
change of air; not, however, always with comfort
to the inmates. But, as a room cannot be her-
metically sealed up, provision ought to be made for
an admission of fresh air, rather than for the stealing



THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES, DEDICATED BY NATURAL SELECTION TO DR. CHARLES DARWIN.

NO. 1.—LIKE A BULL AT A GATE.—(DRAWN BY C. H. BENNETT.)

in of sewer, drain, cesspool, or sink gases. Lift up doors, carpet floors, paper window-joints, and block up fireplaces, if contagious diseases are to have their most malignant effects. Ventilate houses by open windows on staircases or in corridors, if possible; but, by all means, ventilate. Cold does not kill so many as foul air, although a low temperature generally increases the weekly bills of mortality. But it is the very poor who



FETE AT VERSAILLES FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE DISTRESSED FRENCH COTTON OPERATIVES.

suffer most. The Chinese say, "Fools and beggars only suffer from cold. The one have not wit to clothe properly, the others are too poor to clothe sufficiently." Clothing ought to be the protection against cold, not warm and foul air. In every house in which typhus fever or smallpox prevails it will be safer for the inhabitants of such houses to remove the windows rather than to keep them closed. An open shed in a field with warm clothing will be better than a closed room in a town. I have seen fever patients and smallpox patients treated beneath open sheds in the country safely, and I have heard experienced surgeons remark that fresh air and diet were of more avail than medicine. I have seen a British army in hospital and in the field surrounded by foul air wasting away by fever. I have seen that army restored to health by cleanliness and an admission of fresh air. The air was not cooked nor manipulated by any patented apparatus, but was admitted direct from the vast ocean of fresh air about and above by slits in the ridge of huts in the Crimea, by the removal of top squares from fixed windows at the great hospitals on the Bosphorus, and by the opening up of flues wherever these could with advantage be formed in those hospitals. The ordinary atmosphere of any country freely admitted and unceasingly changed is the only safe medium in which to breathe. In all countries and under all climates excessive disease to man comes from foul air generated within his dwelling rather than from any external influences. The remedy against disease is, therefore, fresh air.—ROBERT RAWLINSON, C.E., Sanitary Inspector.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

THE event of the week in the musical world has been the State visit to Covent Garden on Tuesday last. No such solemnity has taken place since the marriage of the Princess of Prussia, when, it will be recollected, certain performances were given with the express purpose, as it would seem, of exhibiting the poverty of our dramatic and musical talent. We do not remember all the pieces which then disgraced us; but an unsatisfactory performance of the most vulgar of all English operas, "The Rose of Castille," and a dreary representation of "Macbeth," remarkable for nothing but its tedious lengthiness, live with painful freshness in our memory. The State performance which was intended to cement the alliance between England and France in 1854 was still more ludicrously unfortunate, for the opera chosen for its peculiar appropriateness to the festive occasion was the lugubrious "Fidelio"—the retribution which falls upon a tyrant who condemns to perpetual imprisonment those who are displeasing to him being doubtless intended as a delicate compliment to the French Emperor. The opera, in fact, might be supposed to have the effect of the tract entitled "Where are you going to?" which is always handed with such praiseworthy politeness to the frequenters of a racecourse. No such contretemps marred the success of Tuesday's performance. The opera chosen was "Masaniello," one of the brightest works of the most brilliant of all composers. Music more sprightly and engaging is nowhere to be found, while the revolutionary spirit that pervades the story, and which would effectually prevent its ever being chosen for performance at a Royal visit in any Continental State, could find no echo in free England. The Queen herself not being present, it could not be advertised as a "State" performance, but it was announced to be "by special command" of her Majesty, and it was attended with all the ceremony possible under the circumstances. The special command would seem to have been extended to the matter of punctuality, for the Queen's most commendable preciseness was rivalled on this occasion by her illustrious son. As the Royal party entered their box universal and almost exclusive attention was directed to the Princess of Wales, who made graceful recognition for the slightly-expressed greeting that coldly welcomed her. The eyes of all present were too busily engaged to allow of their making proper use of their hands and voices, and perhaps we should also take into account the extra dignity imparted by the consciousness felt by each spectator that he had paid five times the usual amount for his seat. The hundreds of opera-glasses levelled at the Princess might have caused her excusable uneasiness. She surveyed the house, however, with perfectly unmoved though inquiring countenance. Her finely-cut features, expressive eyes, and generally attractive appearance, at once charmed the men who had eyes to see; while the ladies were at least as powerfully fascinated by the gorgeous tiara of diamonds that encompassed her beautiful, bold brow with a halo of dazzling light. Her brilliant necklace and handsome fan were scrutinised and admired by hundreds of fair critics more brilliant and handsome than the ornaments themselves. The Prince of Wales, in his General's scarlet uniform, was scarcely less conspicuous than his bride, while the sunburnt face of Prince Alfred was watched with eager interest. Princess Helena also occupied a front seat; and the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary were in an opposite box. When the entire audience rose for the National Anthem the aspect of the house was nothing less than magnificent. The whole of the floor was laid out in stalls, every box was filled for the most part by ladies who, in every part of the house, even to the occupants of the uncomfortable slips, were arrayed in their most recherché toilets. We do not believe that so much beauty could be seen in any other city in the world as was witnessed the other evening in this splendid theatre. Bright as were the jewels displayed, and lustrous as the dainty materials of the toilets, most *en évidence*, they were neither so bright nor so lustrous as the complexions of the fair spectators who had come not more to see than to be seen. Blacker and brighter eyes may be met with abroad, but nowhere can we find such transparent and delicately-tinted complexions as in England. The Princess seemed as much impressed with the splendour thus exhibited to her as were the audience by her dazzling beauty. At the conclusion of the opera "God Save the Queen" was again performed, several military bands on this occasion joining with the chorus-singers. The Floral Hall, by-the-by, was opened during the evening to those furnished with separate guinea-tickets, which also admitted to the stage during the National Anthem. Accordingly, no sooner had the curtain risen for this last solemnity than hundreds of elaborately-dressed ladies and gentlemen rushed frantically, pell-mell, helter-skelter on the stage, vainly hoping to catch a glance at the Royal box; but, alas! long before they made up their minds as to the position they would take up the anthem was finished, down came the curtain, and, in spite of cries of "Encore!" it did not rise again. So, the guinea-ticket holders were free to take their departure and reflect at leisure on the value of their investment. They might console themselves with the reflection that they were not the only persons who paid dearly for admission. Exorbitant prices had been given for stalls, and even seats in the slips were charged at the rate of a guinea each. When the National Anthem was concluded the audience seemed to recollect that it was high time to exhibit some enthusiasm, and called loudly for the Danish Hymn, which had been advertised but which was not performed. Mr. Gye is far too gentlemanly, and far too clever a manager to be guilty of any slight to a Royal guest, and he certainly could not have ordered the omission of the hymn. We should much like to know who did.

The box reserved for the distinguished visitors was formed by removing the partition between the Royal box and the large adjoining one, so that it was, in fact, of the same size as four ordinary boxes. It was elegantly panelled and canopied with white satin, and ornamented with roses, while the staircase and withdrawing-room were lined with rare plants and magnificent bouquets. Handsome candelabra were conspicuous in the box, but the lighted candles being placed just behind the Princess in some measure prevented the audience from observing the exquisite regularity of her features. The general effect, however, was admirable.

With this remarkable exception, the operatic performances of the week have not been particularly interesting. It is true that "Guillaume Tell" has been revived, and that in some respects its performance is even finer now than it was last year. The chorus-singers are decidedly more careful and efficient. The delicious hymn of the homeward-bound shepherds, sung behind the scenes in the second act, was given with extraordinary delicacy, the accuracy of the intonation being doubtless materially maintained by the slight harmonium accompaniment which is now employed to sustain the voices. M. Faure's impersonation of the hero, too, has gained greatly in every

respect. Unfortunately, there is another very important part in the opera, which is even more difficult to fill satisfactorily than that of Tell: we allude, of course, to Arnoldo, who has hitherto been gloriously impersonated by Tambrink, and who, on this occasion, was attempted by a certain Signor Caffieri, said to be—and we should imagine on very good foundation—of German origin. With the best wish to be indulgent to a debutant, we cannot venture to hope that he will ever succeed. Even the voice is by no means satisfactory, although he certainly can force up his chest notes, after a fashion, to the coveted *ut*, while in singing he leaves everything to be desired. "Rigoletto" has also been given at Covent Garden, Ronconi sustaining his famous rôle of the Court jester with all his former histrionic power and with even more than his former lamentable inability to sing in tune. Mdlle. Fioretti sang the music of Gilda, including the popular "Caro nome," most charmingly; but she makes no attempt to lend dramatic interest to the character. M. Naudin, on the other hand, is terribly in earnest in the part of the gay, insouciant, fascinating Duke.

At HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE "Lucia" and "Lucrezia Borgia" have been the "novelties" (?)—the latter opera serving to introduce Mdlle. Teresa Ellinger, a German contralto, to the Anglo-Italian stage. Her voice is exceedingly powerful, and she sang the popular *brindisi*, "Il segreto," with considerable effect.

Of the May-Day performance of "Athalia," at the Crystal Palace, we must speak in our next.

FINE ARTS.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE old society, as this has long been familiarly called, opened their fifty-ninth exhibition at their gallery in Pall-mall East, on Monday, and we are glad to see, by a notice appended to the catalogue, that a winter exhibition is for the future to be given regularly, the second of the kind being announced to be opened in November next. The summer exhibition will continue to represent the more finished achievements of the members, and the winter one will comprise, we expect, such slighter and more sketchy works as a painter is likely to produce when upon his tour in search of relaxation and the picturesque combined.

The present exhibition is one of average excellence, and the interest is so equally spread through the collection that we may follow the order of the catalogue in noticing the first drawing, which happens to be a very meritorious one. The subject is "Scarborough Castle from the North Beach," by S. P. Jackson, an associate only of the society, but an artist who, this year especially, takes a very decided position for close study of nature, without becoming too literal and photographic in style. The sky in this, as in all his drawings, is beautifully clear and pure in colour, and the reflected lights touching the figures unloading the boat on the wet sands, and sparkling on the water, are beautifully treated. The only unpleasantness to the eye is in the regular ranks of blue waves, in which there is an excess of formality. The "Filey Brigg, Yorkshire" (54), is an admirable drawing by the same artist. Here again there is the same fine sense of effect with the same slightly stiff treatment of the waves. "Staiths, Yorkshire" (172), is, perhaps, Mr. Jackson's most successful work. In this he has boldly attempted to represent the broad film of water and foam of the receding waves and the heaving appearance of the sea rolling in. Mr. P. I. Naftel's "Looking North, from St. Peter's-in-the-Wood, Guernsey" (13), is a drawing very minutely and carefully worked; so much so, indeed, that the eye is tempted to try and discover how this very close resemblance is obtained, rather than to be impressed with the general beauty and naturalness of the picture. There is no resisting the brilliant effects in such a drawing as "Vazou Bay, Guernsey" (218), or in the "View, Looking down on Moulin Huet Bay, and the Doyle Column, Cherbourg, in the Distance, Guernsey" (178). All we ask for is an infusion of a little of the tenderness of nature's tints. Mr. C. Davidson has long been foremost amongst the followers of landscape art in water-colour painting, and yet his method is precisely that of simple, modest, and unaffected kind it was when first he became known some long time ago. This says much in favour of its being a sound one. He has no less than thirteen drawings in this exhibition, and not one of them is a failure, while two or three are most admirable examples of the art. Of these we would point out "From the Church Fields, Reigate" (111), and "Near Nutfield" (60), as remarkable for showing the artist's nice perception of the changes that characterise our English landscape at different seasons, the one representing the delightful appearance of the budding trees, and the young grass, all bright with the morning sun, and the other the murky air of late autumn, with the trees spreading their skeleton branches without a leaf against the dull sky. Mr. T. M. Richardson's landscapes partake more of the arranged and composed order. They are richly-coloured and agreeable pictures. "On the Hills, Lochlaggan, Inverness-shire" (12), and "Cairngorm Hills, from the Head of Loch Morlich" (171), are good drawings of the kind.

Mr. John Gilbert exhibits this year only two works, both in the vein of comedy—"Don Quixote's Curious Discourse upon Arms and Letters" (18), and "Malvolio Washes off Gross Acquaintance" (29). Mr. Gilbert generally shows a better feeling for richness of colour than is to be seen in either of these pictures; he sacrifices always pretty liberally to the mere picturesque; but in the "Don Quixote" this is carried to an absurd pitch, and we cannot help observing how completely each figure is a separate study. The obvious repetition of forms and faces that has now become so common a feature in his works detracts much from the picture, clever as it is as a bravura of the art. The "Malvolio" drawing exhibits precisely similar faults, and, in addition, is not agreeable to the eye as a composition on account of the forms of the three principal figures being so much alike. Mr. Gilbert, however, has this merit: he manages to tell his story, though we may not always relish his manner of telling it.

Mr. G. A. Frapp's large drawing, "The Town of Llyn Ogwen, near Capel Curig, North Wales," is an excellent and highly picturesque work, rich in colour and masterly in execution. "The Deer Track—a Glen on the North Side of Lochnagar" (152) is another fine work of the legitimate water-colour school, and stands well in comparison with the photographic-pre-Raphaelite attempt which hangs near it. "Schloss Elz" (151) is by Alfred W. Hunt; a young painter, who must, however, have a more poetic and intellectual sense of nature than this would indicate, or he could not have so well caught the fleeting beauty of the Iris above the falls of St. Gothard in his charming little drawing, No. 32.

Mr. Samuel Read has chosen this year one of the most splendid cathedral interiors in the world for richness of colour, "The Cathedral of Toledo," and he has certainly done justice to his theme. The general tone of the picture is admirable for depth and richness; the eye is lured into the shadowy and mysterious recesses, just dimly lit by the rainbow-tinted light from the gorgeously painted windows, and again to the lofty ceiling of the nave, calling up to the mind with fine effect all the solemn and imposing splendours of the temple. The figures are capably put in, and their fine dresses comport well with the general magnificence. Mr. Read has another but smaller drawing (142), taken from the entrance to the cloister of this cathedral.

There are several good picturesque drawings by Mr. W. Callow, amongst the best of which should be mentioned "Remains of the Palace of the Duke of Burgundy, Malines" (167), and "The Campagna, with Porta San Giovanni, Rome" (40).

Mr. Branwhite has never been more successful in representing winter scenes than in his "Sunset in a Black Frost" (46). The large eel-traps, covered with icicles, and the bare trees striking with every twig clear against the cold sky, make one shiver as one looks at them. These frost-pictures, however, have this advantage, that they invariably call up a pleasant sensation of home and the comfortable fireside.

"Naples, from the Villa Reale" (58), by Mr. E. A. Goodall, is an admirable drawing. There is a freshness in the air of the picture; and the figures, grouped upon the beach at a Dutch auction with their fish, are touched with life and spirit. "The Caffè Militari, Lago Maggiore" (64), is another capital drawing by the same master.

Mr. Carl Hag exhibits none of his wonderfully well-drawn and richly-coloured groups of figures, but in place of them two drawings of Eastern ruined temples. The "Baalbek" (69) is a small and rather

sketchy piece, but the "Palmyra" (186) is an important and very large drawing, though a little tame as a representation of this grandest and most lustrous of all ruins—the temple of the sun. The whole lighting of the picture appears to be in too low a key, though possibly such an effect is to be seen at times, yet it fails to quite satisfy the preconceived idea of the place.

Mr. Edward Duncan's "On the Goodwin Sands" (77) is a chef-d'œuvre. He has never before shown such boldness and mastery over the sky and the sea. The masts only of the ship are above water, with the signal of distress being fast torn to pieces by the fierce gale. The waves are rushing like demons round the poor fellows driven to the tops, and holding on while a lugger has arrived with the daylight, and has brought the chance of rescue at last. The sentiment of the picture is finely suggested by the bit of bright heaven, with the crescent moon paling before the rising sun, in the midst of dark grey cloud and angry sea.

Mr. Fredk. Tayler's "Woodland Scene, with Dogs and Game" (78), is neither so animated nor so important in subject as his larger work, "Hawking" (140)—a picture full of his peculiar ability for drawing picturesque figures in sporting costume of a past age. One begins to tire of these everlasting subjects. For the ninety-ninth time the hawk has brought down his quarry, and the gentleman has dismounted from his fine grey to take the heron, while his companion, a lady on a dark horse, shows as evident a fondness for the spirit-stirring sport as he does himself. Over the hills come the followers of the chase, and some figures of villagers occupy the foreground.

Mr. Birkett Foster contributes several of his peculiarly high-finished drawings, some of which are touched, it appears to us, with a rather broader pencil and with less of the necessarily stiff and formal beauty which his works generally display. "The Ferry" (145) is the largest drawing we remember by him, but it is by no means equal to the smaller works. As a composition it is unpleasantly formal, with its two lines of trees converging towards the centre of the picture and inclosing the river, which is streaked in a curious way with reflected lights from the sinking sun. This artist is more happy in his accustomed manner. "A Cottage at Chillingford" (284) is a charmingly picturesque work. "Lane Scene, Hambledon" (228)—with the road between two high banks thick with hazel and hawthorn, under which a tired country woman sits with her heavy baby and her little boy beside her, and above a few thatched cottages with gardens, and rude steps leading up to them—is a delightfully simple and characteristic work.

"Le Reliquaire" (148), by Mr. Walter Goodall—a blind man showing his little primitive shrine to two pretty maidens in the dress of the Brittany peasants, is one of the best figure-subjects in the gallery, admirably well drawn, natural in expression, and successful in colour.

Mr. Rosenberg's "Summer Snow in High Latitudes" (164) is quite a sensation picture, with its glittering snow, its shining lake, and its grass greener than the emerald. We own to preferring his fruit piece (75), in which his talent for imitation is more appropriately exercised. In the very large and ambitious drawing, "Sunset on the Grand Canal, Venice" (100), by Mr. W. C. Smith, there is something to admire (if we can only forget Turner for a moment) in the general effect, more especially over the buildings, which are tolerably well drawn.

Mr. Alfred Frapp has at least one capital figure-drawing, "Watching the Porpoises" (125), three sunburnt and sea-beaten boys, something after Mr. Hook's model.

Mr. G. H. Andrews, best known for his clever marine subjects, sends, as a result of his recent Constantinople excursion, a capital drawing of "The Fruit Wharf, Stamboul."

Mr. A. P. Newton's "Shades of Evening" (202)—a large drawing of the Castle of Chillon by moonlight, with the broad lake touched with lines of light, and in the foreground, just dimly seen, some figures fishing—is a work that shows how a clever painter may be led astray into attempting to imitate in his art the word-painting of a poet like Byron.

Mr. Burton's beautiful drawings cannot be fairly discussed at the end of an article. In a few words it may be said that they are unsurpassed in fine and true colouring and conscientious study. "Iostephane" is perhaps on the whole the finest, but "German Lilacs" (234) and the little girl with wavy, auburn hair, are both exquisite drawings.

Mr. F. Smallfield has nothing in his sentimental mood, but there is one excellent study by him, called "Shilly-shally" (210)—a boy sitting on the bank afraid to take the first plunge into the cold stream. "Farfallina" (255) is a charming fancy, and very beautiful, as a study, in colour.

Amongst several other drawings which will be found out, though we have not drawn particular attention to them, may be named Miss Gillies' "Wounded Page" (114), Mr. Dodgson's "Richmond Castle, Yorkshire" (88), Mr. Britton Willis's "Harvest-time in Sussex" (132), "The Rialto," by James Holland (195), and all the fruit and flowers that come forth fresh, fair, and blooming from the hand of the inimitable William Hunt.

SALE OF THE BICKNELL COLLECTION.

The sale of this unrivalled private gallery of pictures by Turner and other painters of the modern English school has created extraordinary interest amongst the wealthy collectors and the connoisseurs in fine-art circles generally. The late Mr. Bicknell had been well known as a patron of art, and of Turner especially, for the last thirty years, and his pretty villa at Herne Hill, charming as it was as a residence, was rendered still more delightful by the magnificent pictures of Turner that adorned the walls with a beauty rarer than that of gems, and, as it proved, with equal costliness. The drawing-room was entirely devoted to the beautiful drawings by Turner, Copley Fielding, David Roberts, S. Prout, De Wint, and others, all of which were let into the wall in an ornamental fashion, but certainly not in the best way for showing their beauties. The rooms, however, were none of them well lit by the large window at the end of each; and those who saw the pictures and drawings while they were exhibited at Messrs. Christie and Manson's rooms may consider that they saw them to the very best advantage, the drawings especially so, for those were all remounted and framed merely for the occasion of the sale. For the last fortnight, it may be said that the auction-rooms of Messrs. Christie and Manson have been crowded every day with select and enthusiastic admirers of modern art; and on the day of the sale (Saturday last) such was the crush that hundreds were obliged to go away without getting beyond the top of the stairs; and those who came determined to have their bid for the treasures were compelled to "operate" by signal, passed on by a clerk, who stood on the top of a high stool, and waved a paper flag in the doorway, so as to catch the quick eye of Mr. Manson. In this way it was curious to see the anxious face of some rich virtuoso unable to see or hear, yet watching intently for the signal that the bidding was against him; it must have been equally droll to see his opponent wondering where the mysterious biddings came from. However, there seemed to be small difficulty in running up the prices to an enormous figure; and, though the preliminary gossip of the rooms had been for some days pronouncing rather wildly as to which of the Turners would fetch five or seven thousand guineas, it will be seen that the sums realised were the highest that have been given for modern pictures at an auction, and in several instances considerably more than double the price paid for the work by Mr. Bicknell. As it turned out, in fact, the Turners were the cheapest pictures sold, and we happen to know that the ten pictures were valued some time ago by a very well known and reliable dealer at £25,000, whereas the sum they brought was only £17,146 10s. The following were the prices of the Turners:—Lot 97, "Antwerp—Van Goyen Looking for a Subject," 1833, for £2635 10s., to Mr. Agnew. 102, "Helvoetsluis—a 64-gun Ship Going to Sea," painted 1832, for £1680—Agnew. 104, "Ivy Bridge, Devon," painted 1814, for £924—Agnew. 188, "The Wreckers"—a splendid example—painted 1834, for £1984—Agnew. 110, "Calder Bridge, Cumberland," 1813, for £525—Agnew. 112, "Venice, the Campo Santo," painted for Mr. Bicknell, 1842, for £2000—Agnew. 116, "Venice, the Giudecca," painted 1841, for Mr. Bicknell, for £1732 10s.—Agnew. 118, "Ehrenbreitstein," painted 1835, 3 ft. by 4 ft., for £1890—Agnew. 120, "Port Ruysdael," exhibited 1827, for £1995—Agnew.

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33500 sorts, 672s. 6d.; 33600 sorts, 674s. 6d.; 33700 sorts, 676s. 6d.; 33800 sorts, 678s. 6d.; 33900 sorts, 680s. 6d.; 34000 sorts, 682s. 6d.; 34100 sorts, 684s. 6d.; 34200 sorts, 686s. 6d.; 34300 sorts, 688s. 6d.; 34400 sorts, 690s. 6d.; 34500 sorts, 692s. 6d.; 34600 sorts, 694s. 6d.; 34700 sorts, 696s. 6d.; 34800 sorts, 698s. 6d.; 34900 sorts, 700s. 6d.; 35000 sorts, 702s. 6d.; 35100 sorts, 704s. 6d.; 35200 sorts, 706s. 6d.; 35300 sorts, 708s. 6d.; 35400 sorts, 710s. 6d.; 35500 sorts, 712s. 6d.; 35600 sorts, 714s. 6d.; 35700 sorts, 716s. 6d.; 35800 sorts, 718s. 6d.; 35900 sorts, 720s. 6d.; 36000 sorts, 722s. 6d.; 36100 sorts, 724s. 6d.; 36200 sorts, 726s. 6d.; 36300 sorts, 728s. 6d.; 36400 sorts, 730s. 6d.; 36500 sorts, 732s. 6d.; 36600 sorts, 734s. 6d.; 36700 sorts, 736s. 6d.; 36800 sorts, 738s. 6d.; 36900 sorts, 740s. 6d.; 37000 sorts, 742s. 6d.; 37100 sorts, 744s. 6d.; 37200 sorts, 746s. 6d.; 37300 sorts, 748s. 6d.; 37400 sorts, 750s. 6d.; 37500 sorts, 752s. 6d.; 37600 sorts, 754s. 6d.; 37700 sorts, 756s. 6d.; 37800 sorts, 758s. 6d.; 37900 sorts, 760s. 6d.; 38000 sorts, 762s. 6d.; 38100 sorts, 764s. 6d.; 38200 sorts, 766s. 6d.; 38300 sorts, 768s. 6d.; 38400 sorts, 770s. 6d.; 38500 sorts, 772s. 6d.; 38600 sorts, 774s. 6d.; 38700 sorts, 776s. 6d.; 38800 sorts, 778s. 6d.; 38900 sorts, 780s. 6d.; 39000 sorts, 782s. 6d.; 39100 sorts, 784s. 6d.; 39200 sorts, 786s. 6d.; 39300 sorts, 788s. 6d.; 39400 sorts, 790s. 6d.; 39500 sorts, 792s. 6d.; 39600 sorts, 794s. 6d.; 39700 sorts, 796s. 6d.; 39800 sorts, 798s. 6d.; 39900 sorts, 800s. 6d.; 40000 sorts, 802s. 6d.; 40100 sorts, 804s. 6d.; 40200 sorts, 806s. 6d.; 40300 sorts, 808s. 6d.; 40400 sorts, 810s. 6d.; 40500 sorts, 812s. 6d.; 40600 sorts, 814s. 6d.; 40700 sorts, 816s. 6d.; 40800 sorts, 818s. 6d.; 40900 sorts, 820s. 6d.; 41000 sorts, 822s. 6d.; 41100 sorts, 824s. 6d.; 41200 sorts, 826s. 6d.; 41300 sorts, 828s. 6d.; 41400 sorts, 830s. 6d.; 41500 sorts, 832s. 6d.; 41600 sorts, 834s. 6d.; 41700 sorts, 836s. 6d.; 41800 sorts, 838s. 6d.; 41900 sorts, 840s. 6d.; 42000 sorts, 842s. 6d.; 42100 sorts, 844s. 6d.; 42200 sorts, 846s. 6d.; 42300 sorts, 848s. 6d.; 42400 sorts, 850s. 6d.; 42500 sorts, 852s. 6d.; 42600 sorts, 854s. 6d.; 42700 sorts, 856s. 6d.; 42800 sorts, 858s. 6d.; 42900 sorts, 860s. 6d.; 43000 sorts, 862s. 6d.; 43100 sorts, 864s. 6d.; 43200 sorts, 866s. 6d.; 43300 sorts, 868s. 6d.; 43400 sorts, 870s. 6d.; 43500 sorts, 872s. 6d.; 43600 sorts, 874s. 6d.; 43700 sorts, 876s. 6d.; 43800 sorts, 878s. 6d.; 43900 sorts, 880s. 6d.; 44000 sorts, 882s. 6d.; 44100 sorts, 884s. 6d.; 44200 sorts, 886s. 6d.; 44300 sorts, 888s. 6d.; 44400 sorts, 890s. 6d.; 44500 sorts, 892s. 6d.; 44600 sorts, 894s. 6d.; 44700 sorts, 896s. 6d.; 44800 sorts, 898s. 6d.; 44900 sorts, 900s. 6d.; 45000 sorts, 902s. 6d.; 45100 sorts, 904s. 6d.; 45200 sorts, 906s. 6d.; 45300 sorts, 908s. 6d.; 45400 sorts, 910s. 6d.; 45500 sorts, 912s. 6d.; 45600 sorts, 914s. 6d.; 45700 sorts, 916s. 6d.; 45800 sorts, 918s. 6d.; 45900 sorts, 920s. 6d.; 46000 sorts, 922s. 6d.; 46100 sorts, 924s. 6d.; 46200 sorts, 926s. 6d.; 46300 sorts, 928s. 6d.; 46400 sorts, 930s. 6d.; 46500 sorts, 932s. 6d.; 46600 sorts, 934s. 6d.; 46700 sorts, 936s. 6d.; 46800 sorts, 938s. 6d.; 46900 sorts, 940s. 6d.; 47000 sorts, 942s. 6d.; 47100 sorts, 944s. 6d.; 47200 sorts, 946s. 6d.; 47300 sorts, 948s. 6d.; 47400 sorts, 950s. 6d.; 47500 sorts, 952s. 6d.; 47600 sorts, 954s. 6d.; 47700 sorts, 956s. 6d.; 47800 sorts, 958s. 6d.; 47900 sorts, 960s. 6d.; 48000 sorts, 962s. 6d.; 48100 sorts, 964s. 6d.; 48200 sorts, 966s. 6d.; 48300 sorts, 968s. 6d.; 48400 sorts, 970s. 6d.; 48500 sorts, 972s. 6d.; 48600 sorts, 974s. 6d.; 48700 sorts, 976s. 6d.; 48800 sorts, 978s. 6d.; 48900 sorts, 980s. 6d.; 49000 sorts, 982s. 6d.; 49100 sorts, 984s. 6d.; 49200 sorts, 986s. 6d.; 49300 sorts, 988s. 6d.; 49400 sorts, 990s. 6d.; 49500 sorts, 992s. 6d.; 49600 sorts, 994s. 6d.; 49700 sorts, 996s. 6d.; 49800 sorts, 998s. 6d.; 49900 sorts, 1000s. 6d.; 50000 sorts, 1002s. 6d.; 50100 sorts, 1004s. 6d.; 50200 sorts, 1006s. 6d.; 50300 sorts, 1008s. 6d.; 50400 sorts, 1010s. 6d.; 50500 sorts, 1012s. 6d.; 50600 sorts, 1014s. 6d.; 50700 sorts, 1016s. 6d.; 50800 sorts, 1018s. 6d.; 50900 sorts, 1020s. 6d.; 51000 sorts, 1022s. 6d.; 51100 sorts, 1024s. 6d.; 51200 sorts, 1026s. 6d.; 51300 sorts, 1028s. 6d.; 51400 sorts, 1030s. 6d.; 5150